



# THE TRANSFORMERS™

SIMON FURMAN • DON FIGUEROA

ISSUE #1  
\$2.99 • A



## STORMBRINGER

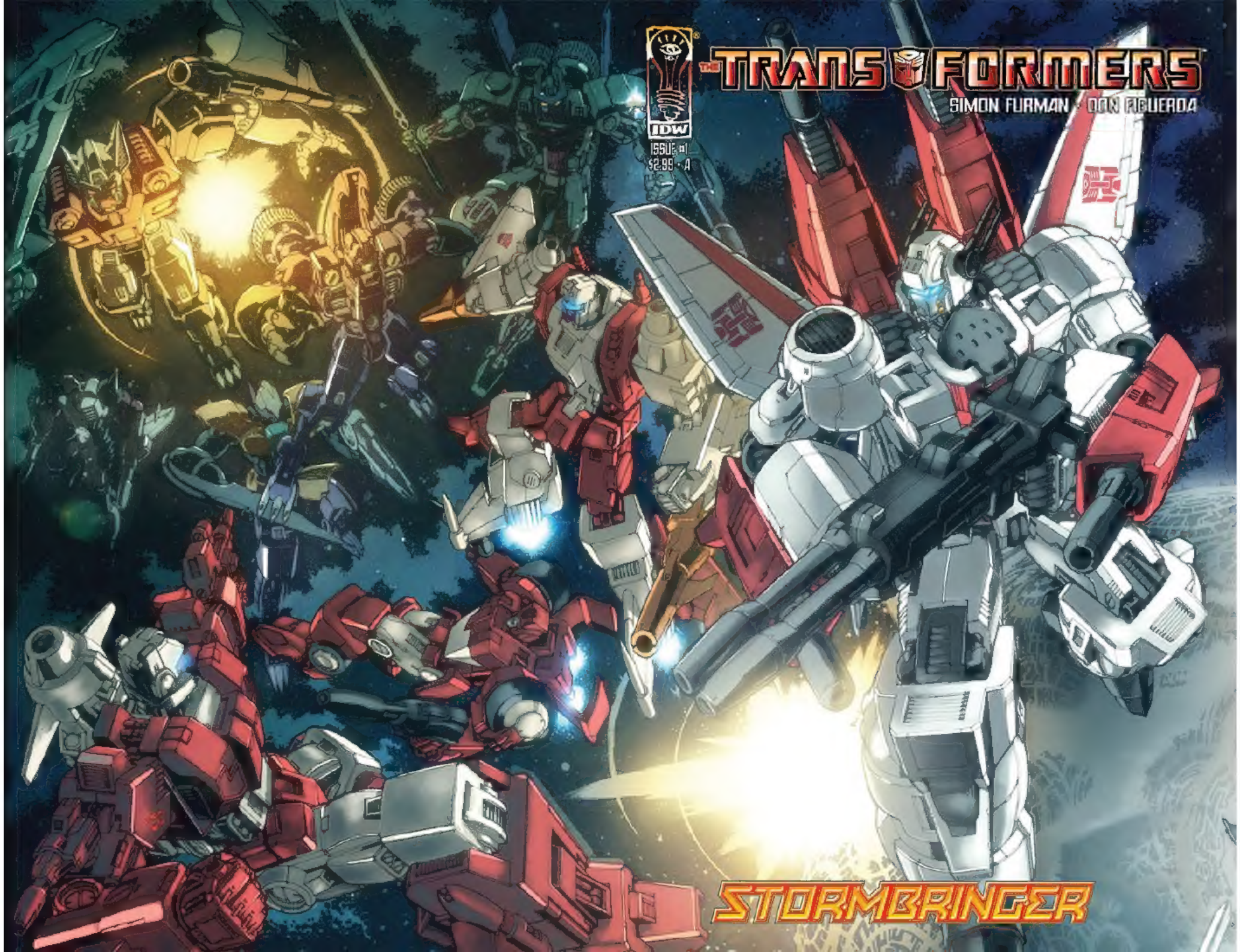




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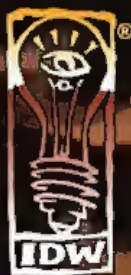
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SIMON FURMAN DON FIBUEROA



## STORMBRINGER





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## STORMBRINGER





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RI A

# THE TRANSFORMERS

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## STORMBRINGER



# The Transformers: Stormbringer #1

For countless years, civil war has gripped CYBERTRON—an escalating series of conflicts between the heroic AUTOBOTS and the evil DECEPTICONS that have shaken the planet to its core. So focused on each frontier or beachhead, neither faction spared a thought for the planet itself, and the untold damage they were doing to it and their future. Until now...



Story by Simon Furman  
Art by Don Figueroa  
colors by Josh Burcham  
letters by Robbie Robbins  
edits by Chris Ryall & Dan Taylor  
cover b colors by Rob Ruffolo



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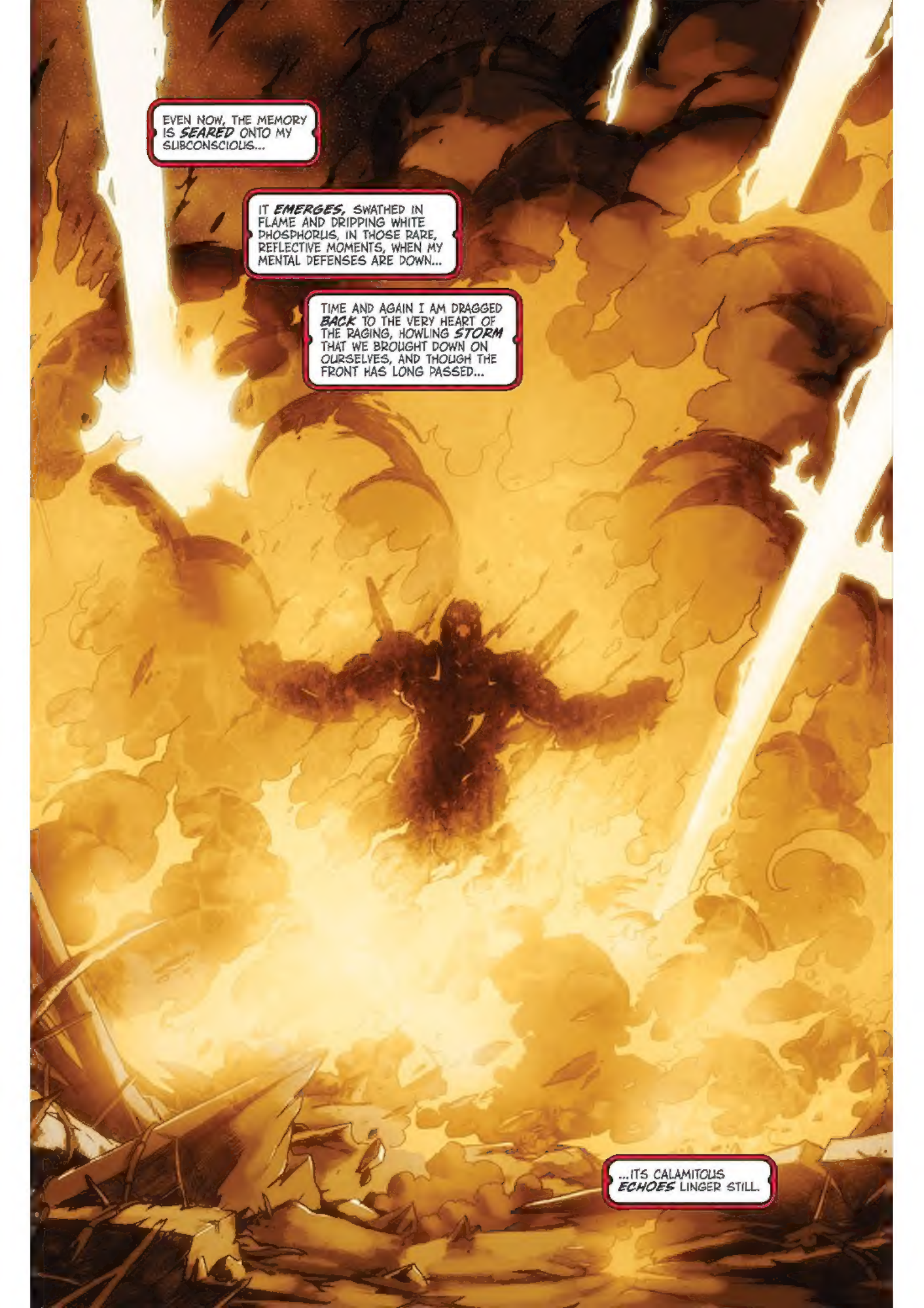
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EVEN NOW, THE MEMORY  
IS **SEARED** ONTO MY  
SUBCONSCIOUS...

IT **EMERGES**, SWATHED IN  
FLAME AND DRIPPING WHITE  
PHOSPHORUS, IN THOSE RARE,  
REFLECTIVE MOMENTS, WHEN MY  
MENTAL DEFENSES ARE DOWN...

TIME AND AGAIN I AM DRAGGED  
**BACK** TO THE VERY HEART OF  
THE RAGING, HOWLING **STORM**  
THAT WE BROUGHT DOWN ON  
OURSELVES, AND THOUGH THE  
FRONT HAS LONG PASSED...

...ITS CALAMITOUS  
**ECHOES** LINGER STILL.



AUTOBOT SCIENCE/SURVEY  
VESSEL, CALABI-YAH:

IN ORBIT AROUND  
CYBERTRON...

YOU'VE GOT  
WHAT?

AN ENERGY  
TRACE, *JETFIRE*,  
FIFTY-TWO KILS  
BENEATH THE  
PLANET SURFACE.

I DON'T MEAN  
TO QUESTION YOUR  
USUALLY DILIGENT  
ATTENTION TO DETAIL,  
*NOSECONE*, BUT  
ARE YOU SURE?

THERE'S  
BEEN NO ENERGY  
READING OF *ANY*  
SORT ON CYBERTRON  
FOR THE PAST SEVEN  
HUNDRED OR SO  
STELLAR-CYCLES.

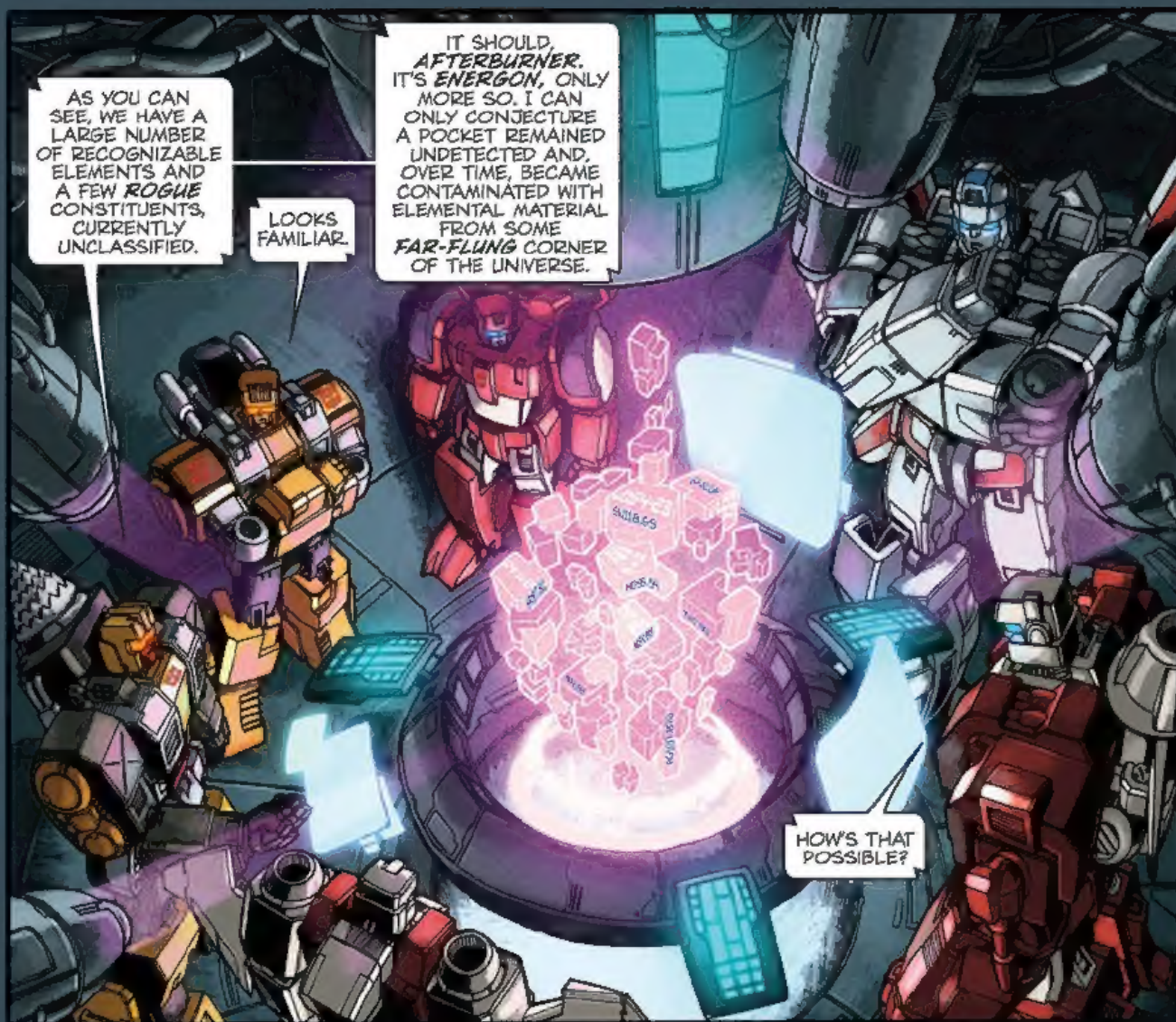
I KNOW.  
THAT'S WHY, BEFORE I  
OFFERED MY FINDINGS,  
I TRIPLE-CHECKED  
EVERYTHING *AND* RAN  
A LEVEL-SIX DIAGNOSTIC  
ON THE SENSOR  
CLUSTER ITSELF.

AND I  
*STILL* HAVE AN  
ENERGY TRACE.

MM.

TRANSFER THE  
DATASTREAM TO THE  
DIAGNOSTIC AUDITORIUM  
AND GATHER THE OTHERS.  
THIS BEARS *CLOSER*  
INVESTIGATION...





AS YOU CAN SEE, WE HAVE A LARGE NUMBER OF RECOGNIZABLE ELEMENTS AND A FEW ROGUE CONSTITUENTS, CURRENTLY UNCLASSIFIED.

LOOKS FAMILIAR.

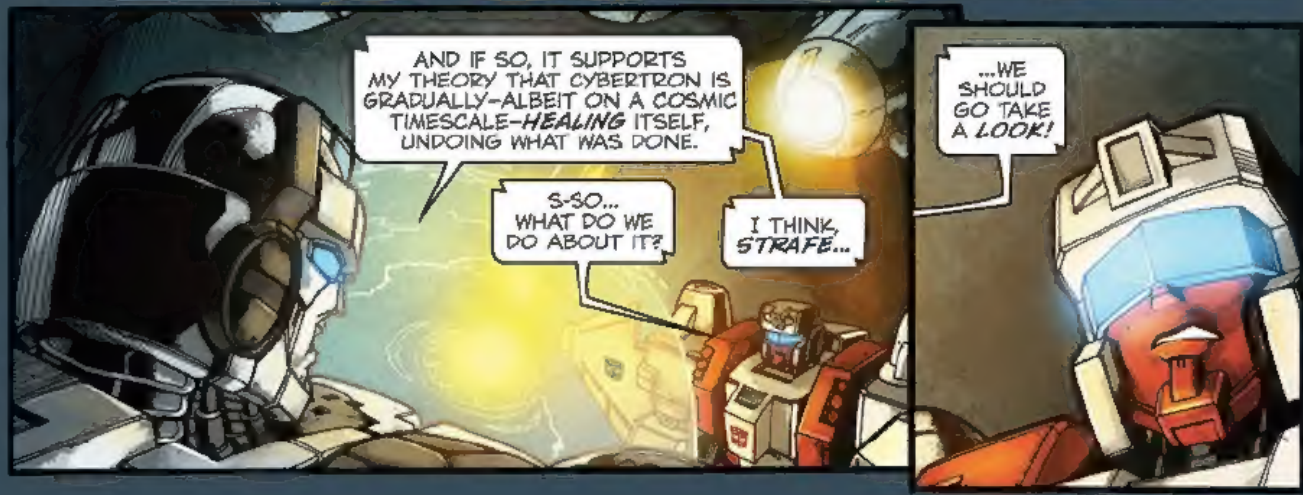
IT SHOULD, AFTERBURNER. IT'S **ENERGON**, ONLY MORE SO. I CAN ONLY CONJECTURE A POCKET REMAINED UNDETECTED AND, OVER TIME, BECAME CONTAMINATED WITH ELEMENTAL MATERIAL FROM SOME **FAR-FLUNG** CORNER OF THE UNIVERSE.

HOW'S THAT POSSIBLE?



WITH THE DEGRADATION OF CYBERTRON'S ATMOSPHERE, THE INCIDENCE OF DIRECT IMPACTS FROM COMETS AND OTHER SPACE DEBRIS HAS INTENSIFIED.

IT'S POSSIBLE THIS **HYBRID** IS THE REACTION.



AND IF SO, IT SUPPORTS MY THEORY THAT CYBERTRON IS GRADUALLY-ALBEIT ON A COSMIC TIMESCALE-**HEALING** ITSELF, UNDOING WHAT WAS DONE.

S-SO... WHAT DO WE DO ABOUT IT?

I THINK, **STRAFE**...

...WE SHOULD GO TAKE A LOOK!





"IT'S P-PROBABLY  
*NOT* WORTH  
MENTIONING, BUT..."

"...WE'RE NOW IN CONTRAVENTION  
OF PRETTY MUCH *EVERY* C-COMMAND  
DIRECTIVE CONCERNING CYBERTRON."

PROBABLY NOT.  
BUT *NOTED*. IF YOU'D  
RATHER STAY ON THE  
CALABI-YAU, STRAFE...

OH, N-NO. THE CHANCE  
TO ACTUALLY SET FOOT ON  
CYBERTRON AGAIN, IT'S, AH,  
LIKE C-COMING HOME.

HN. COSMIC  
RADIATION LEVELS ARE  
*OFF* THE SCALE, AND WE  
HAVE A CHARGED-PARTICLE  
STORM CLOSING FROM  
THE WEST.

WE'LL NEED TO ROTATE  
PERSONAL SHIELD  
HARMONICS JUST TO  
MAINTAIN THE MOST *BASIC*  
EPIDERMAL INTEGRITY.

"HARDLY WHAT I'D CALL  
A PLEASANT STROLL  
DOWN MEMORY LANE."





ARE WE  
THERE  
YET?

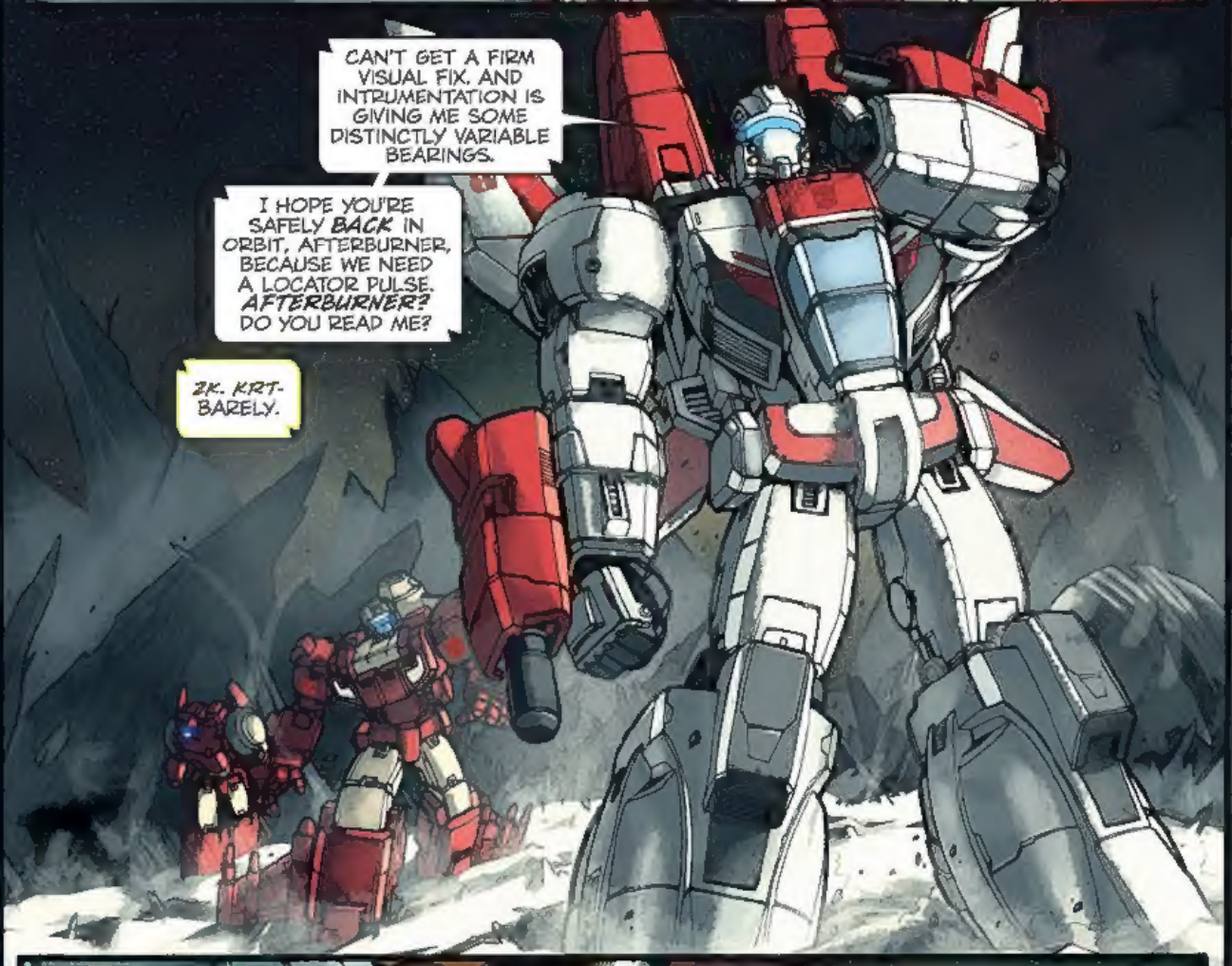
TOUGH GOING,  
EH? EVEN FOR ME.  
GRAVITY MUST BE  
WHAT, THREE-GEES  
BELOW NORMAL?

SOMETHING LIKE  
THAT, *LIGHTSPEED*.  
LOOKS LIKE WE'RE ON  
MAGNO-TREAD *EVERY*  
STEP OF THE WAY.

CAN'T GET A FIRM  
VISUAL FIX, AND  
INTRUMENTATION IS  
GIVING ME SOME  
DISTINCTLY VARIABLE  
BEARINGS.

I HOPE YOU'RE  
SAFELY *BACK* IN  
ORBIT, AFTERBURNER.  
BECAUSE WE NEED  
A LOCATOR PULSE.  
*AFTERBURNER?*  
DO YOU READ ME?

ZK. KRT-  
BARELY.

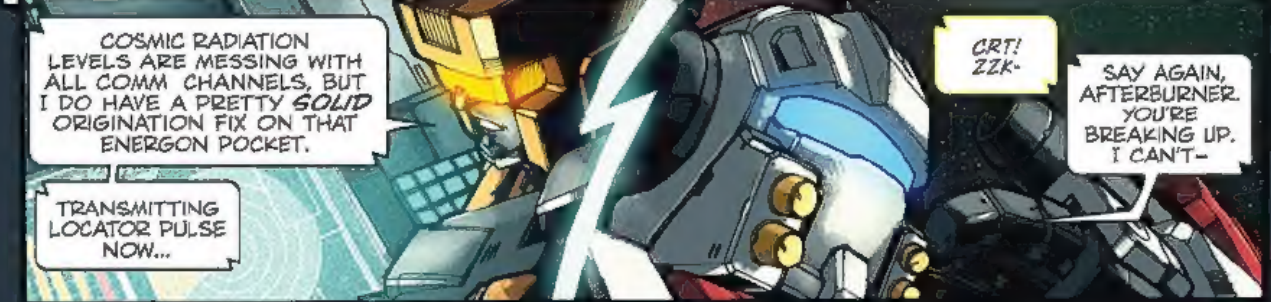


COSMIC RADIATION  
LEVELS ARE MESSING WITH  
ALL COMM CHANNELS, BUT  
I DO HAVE A PRETTY *SOLID*  
ORIGINATION FIX ON THAT  
ENERGON POCKET.

TRANSMITTING  
LOCATOR PULSE  
NOW...

CRT!  
ZZK-

SAY AGAIN,  
AFTERBURNER.  
YOU'RE  
BREAKING UP.  
I CAN'T-



HEY, *HEY!* IS  
IT JUST ME, OR  
DOES ANYONE  
*ELSE* RECOGNIZE  
THIS PLACE?

I-OH...  
OH, *NO*.  
WE'RE BACK.

BACK?  
*WHERE?*

WHERE IT ALL,  
SPECTACULARLY,  
FELL APART.







THUNDERHEAD  
PASS!

I... WASN'T  
HERE. WAS IT...

...AS B-BAD  
AS THEY SAY?

WORSE.

AND I WAS BACK IN  
FIELD-OPS, TRYING TO FIND  
SOME KIND OF EFFECTIVE  
COUNTERMEASURE, SOME WAY  
OF JUST SLOWING IT DOWN. WHAT  
IT WAS LIKE *OUT HERE*, IN THE  
HEART OF THE MAELSTROM,  
I CAN *BARELY* IMAGINE.

THEY NEVER  
DID RECOVER A  
BODY, DID THEY?

"NO."



"PRIME.  
PRIME."

"DON'T DIE  
ON ME."

NOT YET.

YOU *DON'T*  
GET OFF THAT  
EASY.

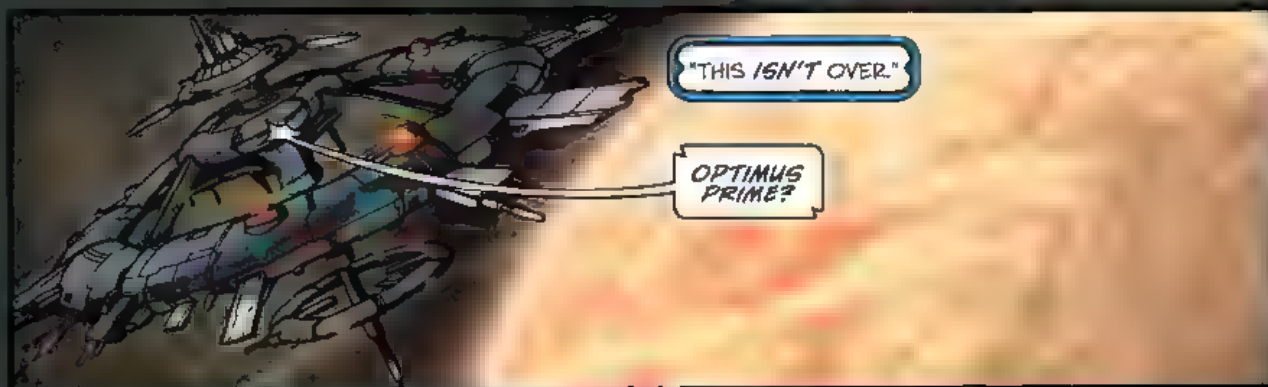
WH-? UH...

MUH-  
MEGATRON?

THE ADVERSARY  
HAS BREACHED THE  
SEGE WALL. IT'S  
NOW OR NEVER.

GET UP,  
PRIME AND  
FIGHT.





"THIS ISN'T OVER."

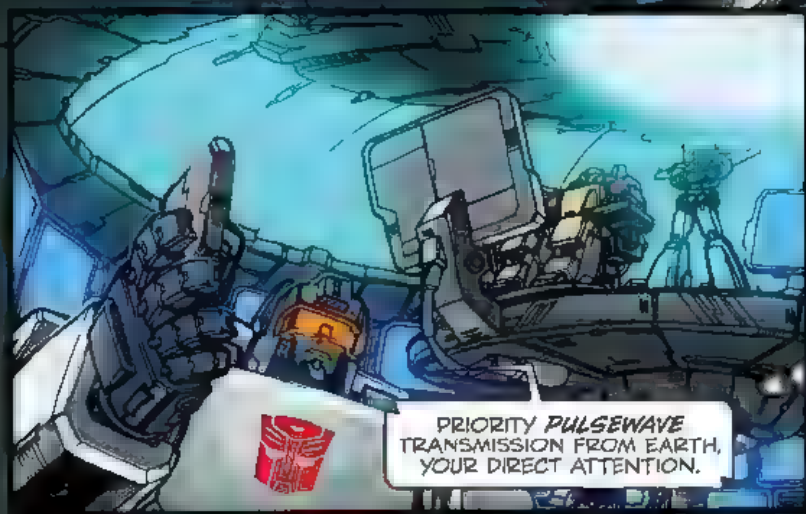
OPTIMUS  
PRIME?



SIR?

MM? OH,  
SEARCHLIGHT.  
EXCUSE ME.

WHAT  
IS IT?



PRIORITY **PULSEWAVE**  
TRANSMISSION FROM EARTH,  
YOUR DIRECT ATTENTION.



EARTH?

SMALL BODY  
IN THE SOL  
SYSTEM.

RIGHT. YES.  
**PROWL'S**  
DETACHMENT





DECEPTICON  
INFILTRATION  
UNIT IN *SIEGE*  
MODE, AHEAD  
OF SCHEDULE.  
THREAT LEVEL—  
UNDETERMINED.

CURIOUS.



MONITOR  
AND KEEP ME  
UPDATED.

SIR!

I'LL...  
BE IN THE  
PINNACLE

THE VERTIGINOUS  
DESCENTS INTO MY  
OWN, PERSONAL  
PURGATORY...

...PERSIST.

EVEN THE BUSINESS  
OF RUNNING A BITTER  
WAR OF ATTRITION DOES  
NOTHING TO STAVE OFF  
THE DARK, FOREBODING  
FRACTURING OF MY  
PSYCHE.



I SEE THE END.

BUT THE SHUDDERING,  
LURCHING INSTANT BRINGS  
SCANT COMFORT. FOR I  
KNOW, DEEP DOWN...



...IT NEVER ENDS.

OKAY, I THINK  
WE'RE SET. STRAFE?

READY

ER,  
JETFIRE...

FAR BE IT FROM  
ME TO *RESIST* MY  
SCIENTIFIC CURIOSITY,  
BUT SHOULD WE BE  
*DOING* THIS?

I MEAN, IF THIS IS  
THE SPOT WHERE IT  
ALL WENT *DOWN*—  
LITERALLY—PERHAPS  
WE SHOULD LEAVE  
WELL ENOUGH ALONE.

BELIEVE ME,  
SCATTERSHOT,  
I HAVE MY *OWN*  
MISGIVINGS, BUT  
IF WE DON'T  
INVESTIGATE, IF  
WE PRETEND  
WHATEVER IT IS  
JUST ISN'T  
HERE...

...WE MAY  
PRECIPITATE  
A *FRESH*  
CATAclysm!

ALL *THIS*... IT'S  
BECAUSE WE *DIDN'T*  
ASK THE QUESTIONS,  
*DIDN'T* LOOK BEYOND  
OUR OWN NARROW  
LITTLE CONCERNS.

WE WERE SO FIXATED  
ON WHATEVER FRONTIER  
WE WERE DEFENDING OR  
ADVANCING WE NEVER LOOKED  
UP TO SEE WHAT WE WERE  
DOING TO THE *PLANET*.

TYPICAL. ALL  
THE BRILLIANT,  
*INNOVATIVE*  
MINDS WE HAD  
ON TAP...



"...AND A  
**DECEPTICON** WAS  
THE FIRST TO  
REALIZE WHAT  
SHORT-SIGHTED,  
BLINKERED  
GEAR-GRINDERS WE  
ALL WERE."

I CAME TO YOU,  
BECAUSE—REGARDLESS  
OF ALLEGIANCE—YOU ARE  
**SCIENTISTS**, AND AS SUCH  
MUST APPRECIATE THE  
GRAVITY OF MY FINDINGS.

THE INCREASED LEVELS OF  
COSMIC RADIATION, THE  
INTENSITY AND FREQUENCY OF  
SEISMIC SHIFTS, THE MEASURABLE  
CONTRACTION OF THE CORE,  
THEY ALL LEAD TO THE SAME,  
IRREVOCABLE CONCLUSION...

...CYBERTRON  
IS DYING.

THE WAR, AS WELL AS  
THE LEACHING OF ALL  
AVAILABLE RESOURCES,  
HAS **SHATTERED** THE  
PLANET'S PROTECTIVE  
ATMOSPHERE, RAVAGED  
ITS ABILITY TO RESTORE  
AND REPLENISH ITSELF.

AND NOW?

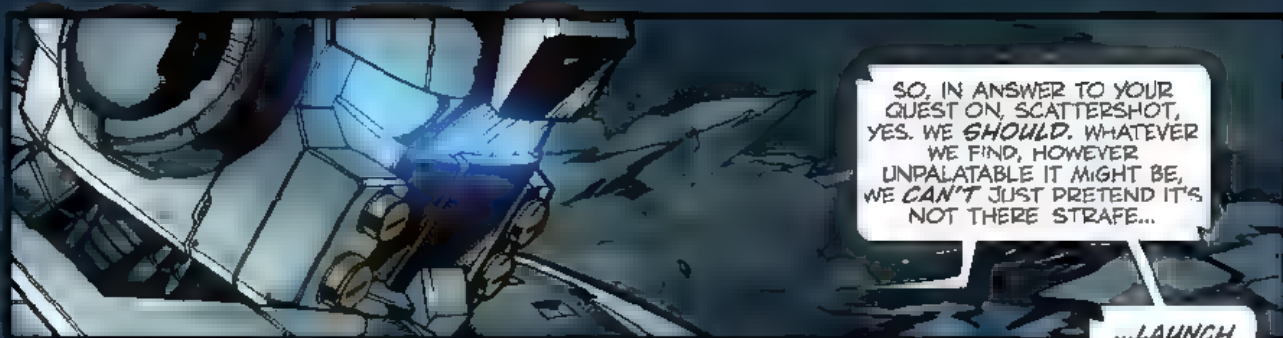
NOTHING. IT'S  
TOO LATE. WE  
CAN ONLY FIND  
WAYS TO **WEATHER**  
THE COLLAPSE AND  
DO WHAT WE  
CAN TO SURVIVE.

NO, I  
**REFUSE**  
TO ACCEPT  
THIS.

THEN YOU ARE A  
**FOOL, SOUNDWAVE**.  
WHEN THE STORM  
COMES, AND IT **WILL**,  
I'LL BE **READY**. YOU  
CAN EITHER FOLLOW  
MY LEAD...

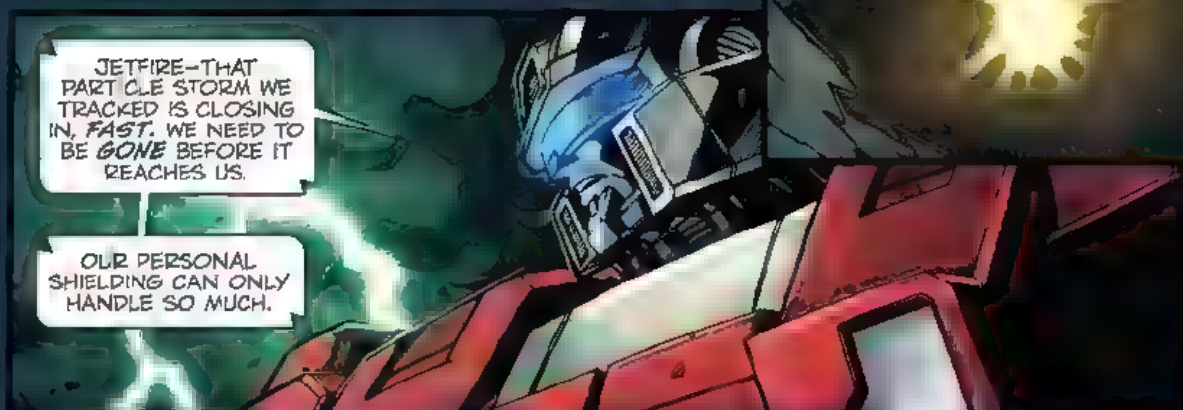
...OR DIE IN  
SCREAMING  
TORMENT.





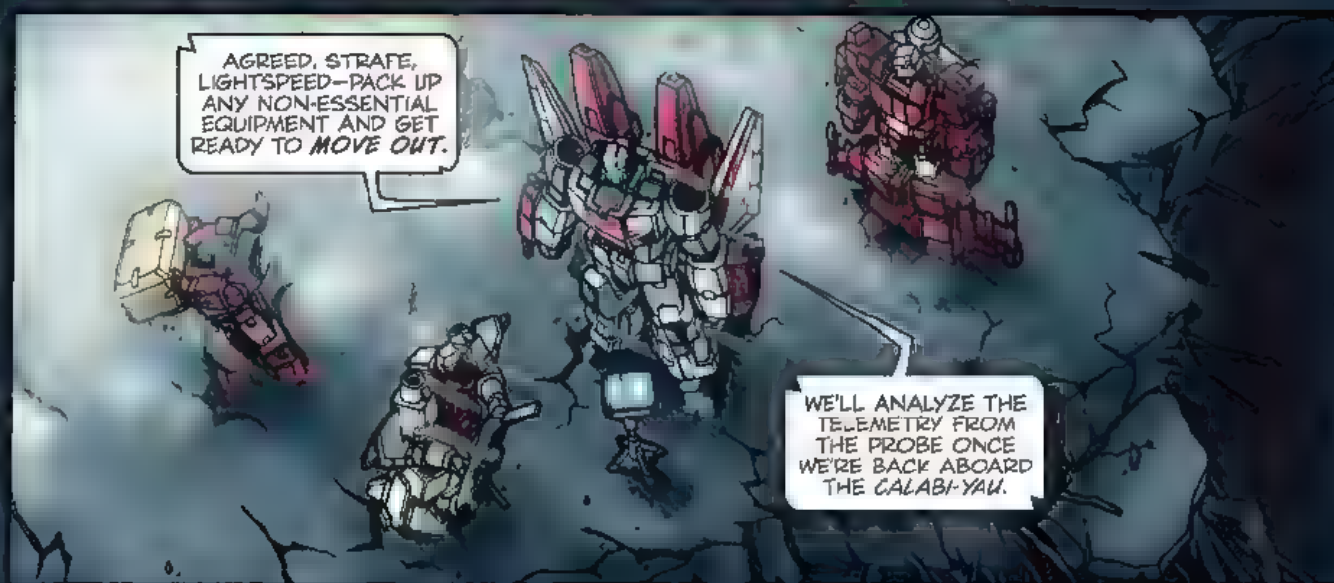
SO, IN ANSWER TO YOUR  
QUEST ON, SCATTERSHOT,  
YES, WE **SHOULD**. WHATEVER  
WE FIND, HOWEVER  
UNPALATABLE IT MIGHT BE,  
WE **CAN'T** JUST PRETEND IT'S  
NOT THERE STRAFE...

...LAUNCH  
THE PROBE.



JETFIRE-THAT  
PART OF THE STORM WE  
TRACKED IS CLOSING  
IN, **FAST**. WE NEED TO  
BE **GONE** BEFORE IT  
REACHES US.

OUR PERSONAL  
SHIELDING CAN ONLY  
HANDLE SO MUCH.



AGREED. STRAFE,  
LIGHTSPEED-PACK UP  
ANY NON-ESSENTIAL  
EQUIPMENT AND GET  
READY TO **MOVE OUT**.

WE'LL ANALYZE THE  
TELEMETRY FROM  
THE PROBE ONCE  
WE'RE BACK ABOARD  
THE CALABI-YAU.





WELL, CYBERTRON,  
IT'S BEEN A *BLAST*,  
BUT I FOR ONE AM  
READY TO SAY...

...GOOD-

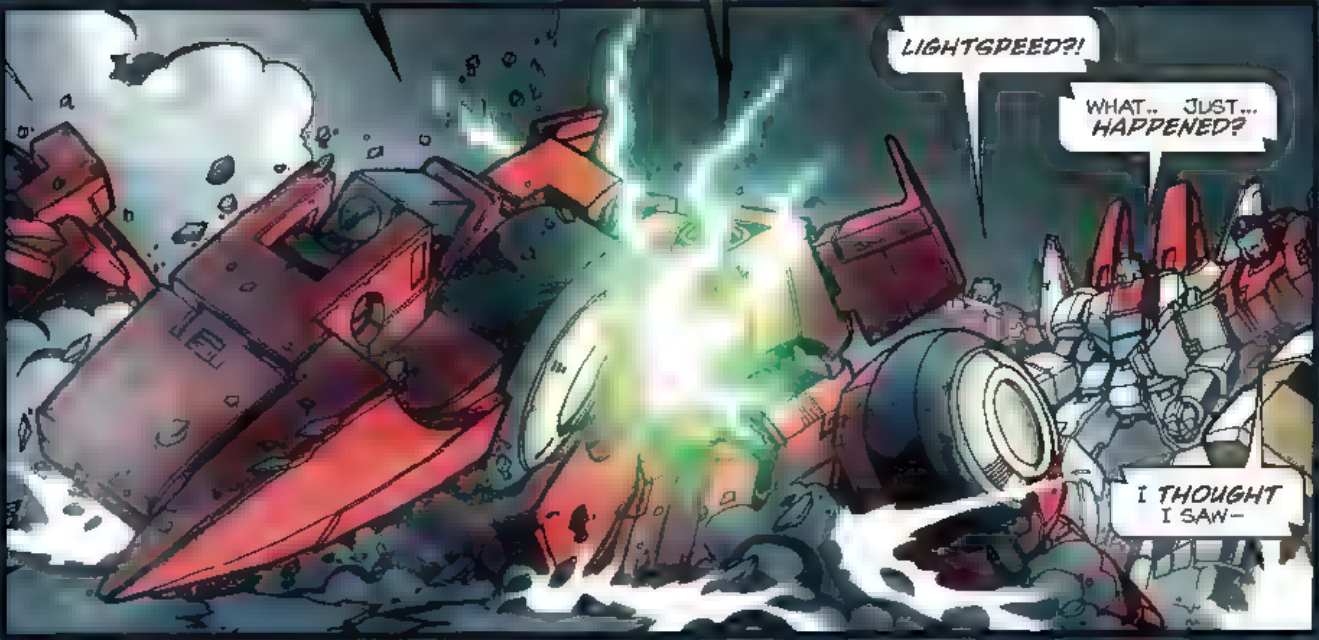


DID...  
ANYONE-

NO. NO...  
IT'S JUST MY  
IMAGINATION,  
GOT TO BE.  
THERE'S NO  
ONE-



**GHEEAH!**

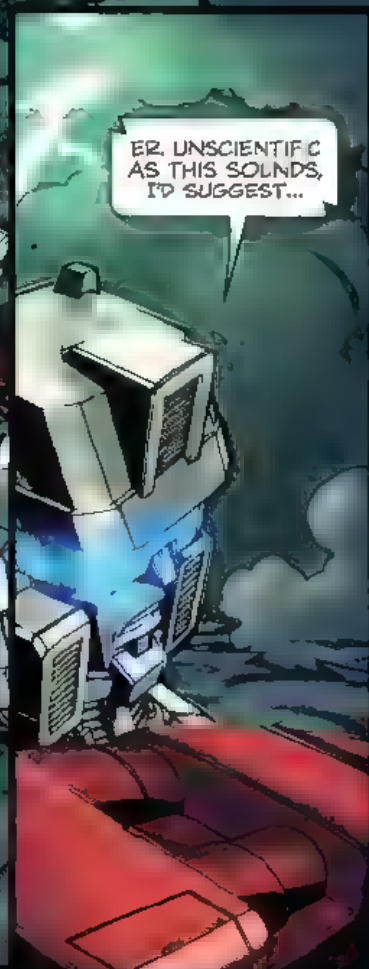
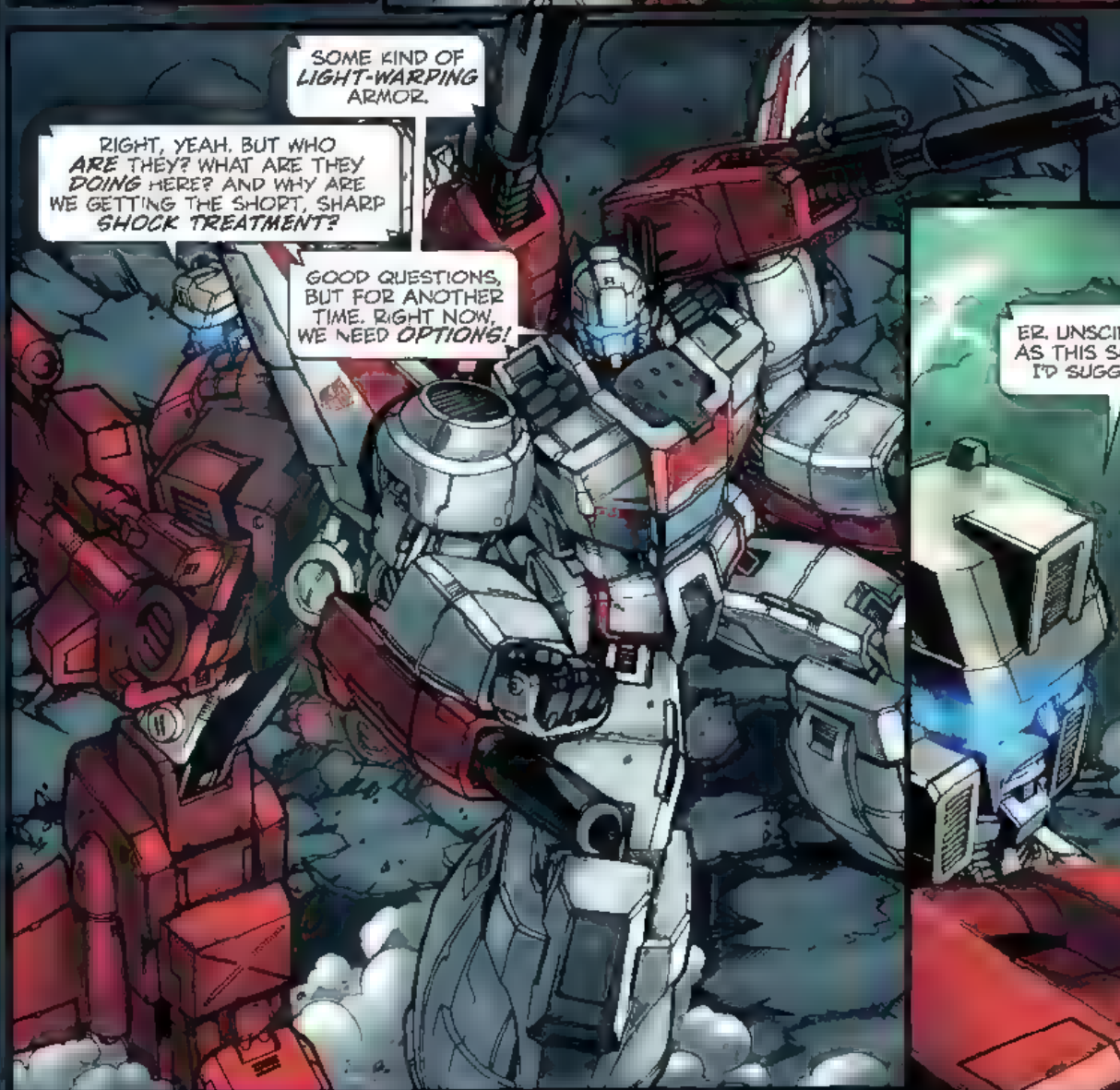
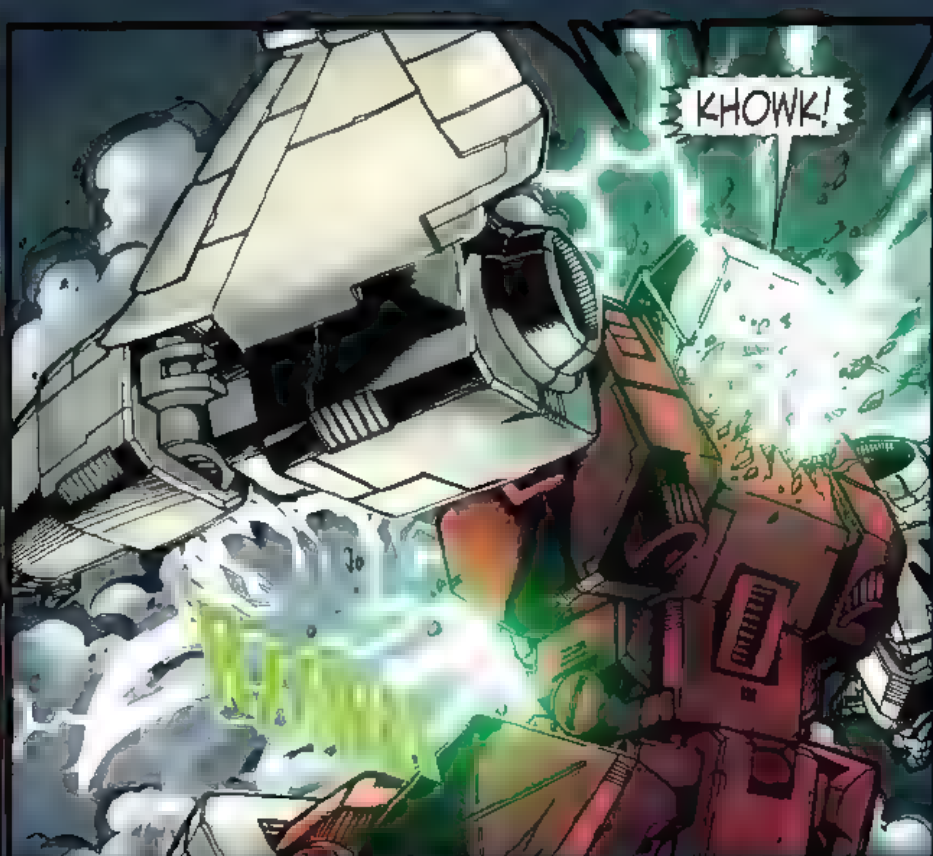
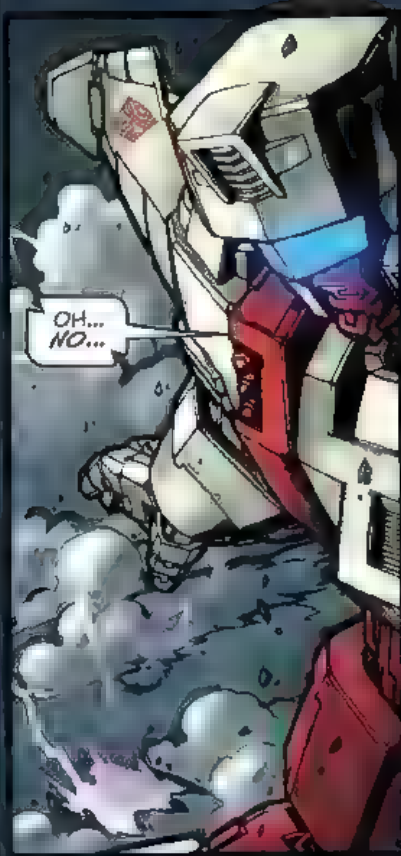


**LIGHTSPEED?!**

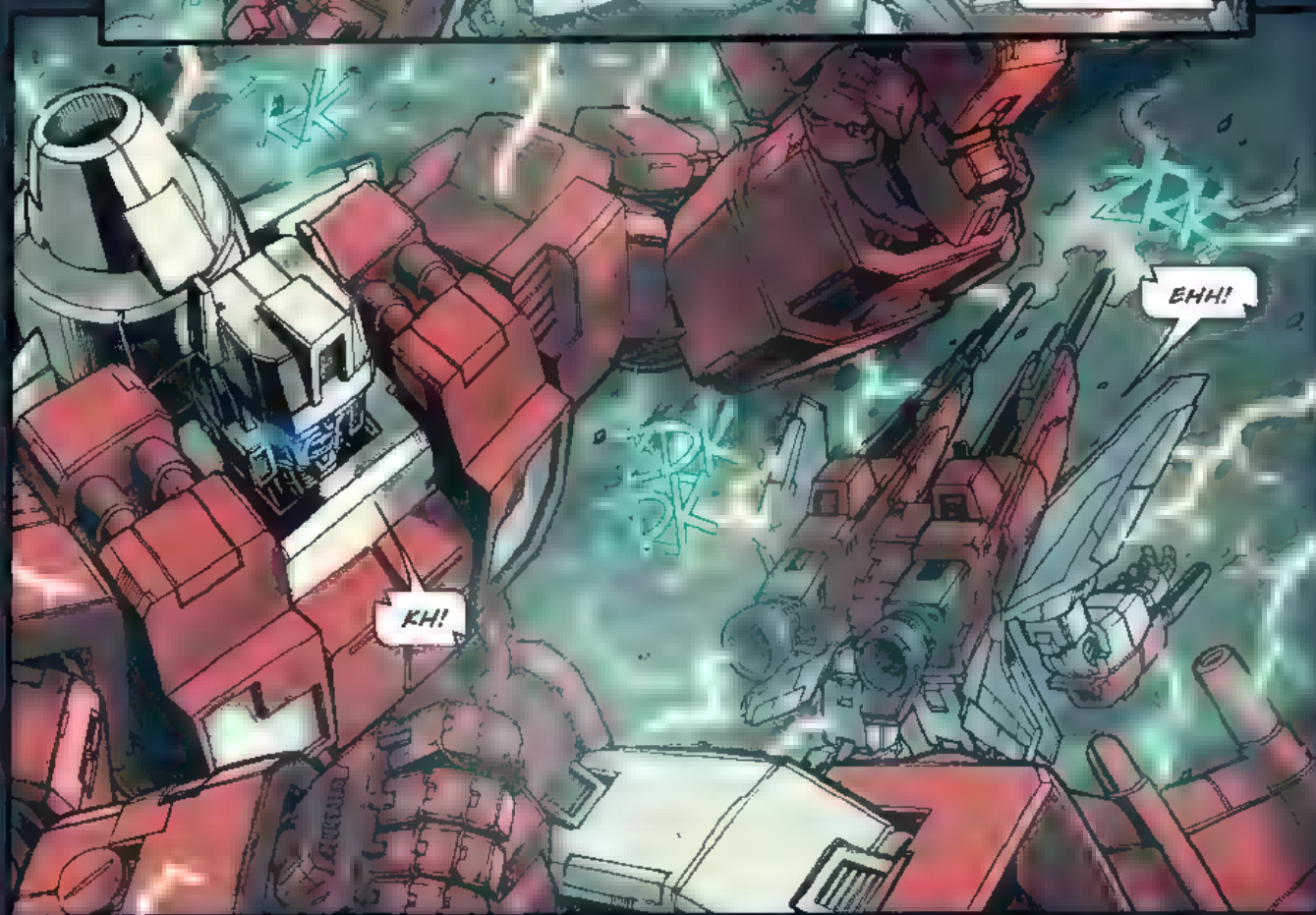
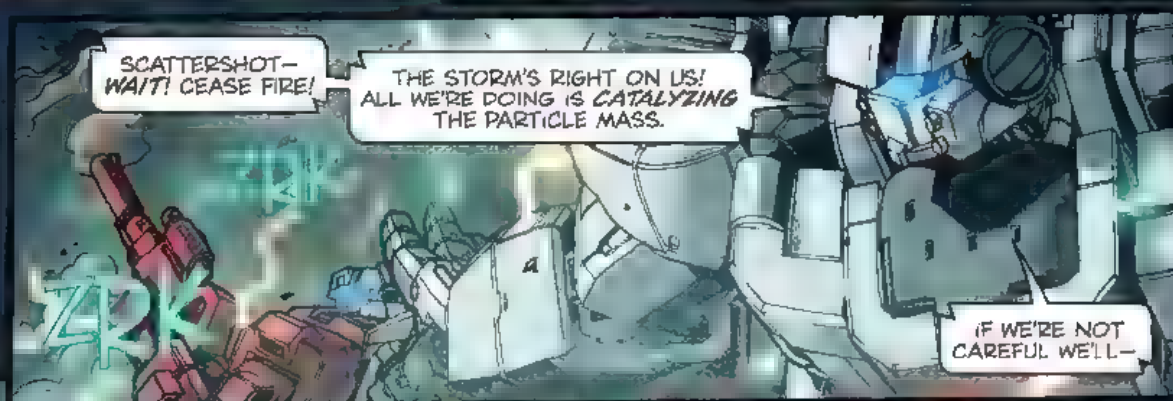
WHAT... JUST...  
HAPPENED?

I THOUGHT  
I SAW-













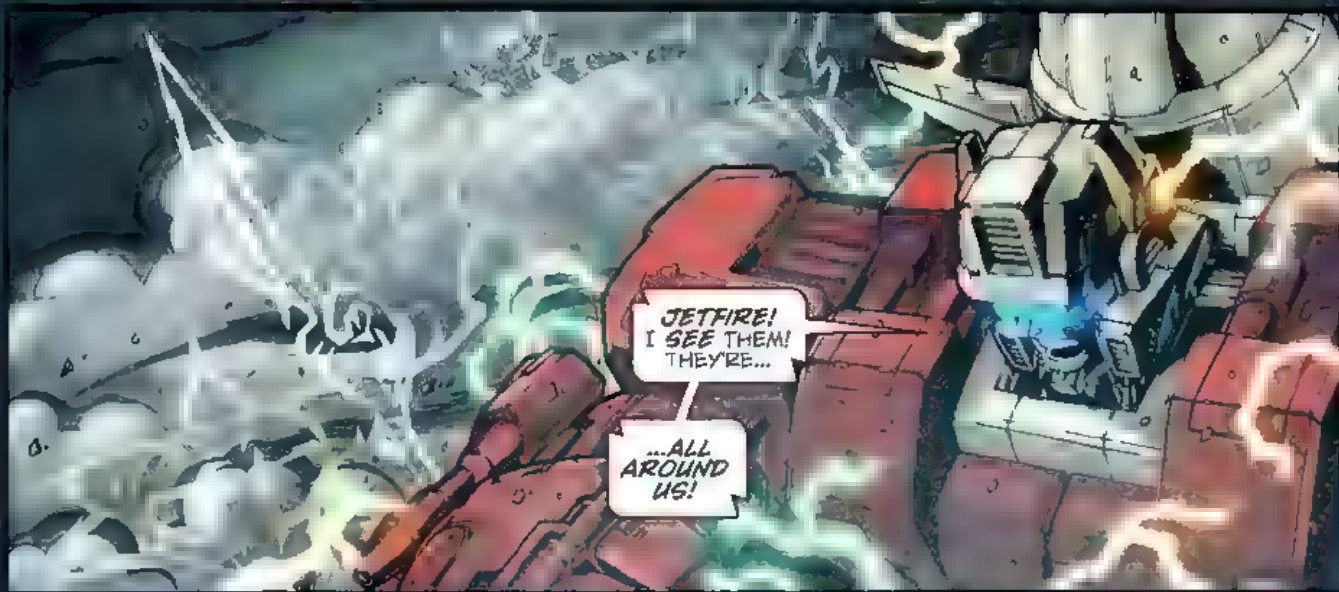
FN-HH. SHIELDS ARE  
DOWN, SYSTEMS ARE  
OVERLOADING!

WE HAVE TO GET *OUT*  
OF HERE! BEFORE—



HNNNGH...

NOSECONE!  
AFTERBURNER!  
DO YOU READ  
ME? SEND—



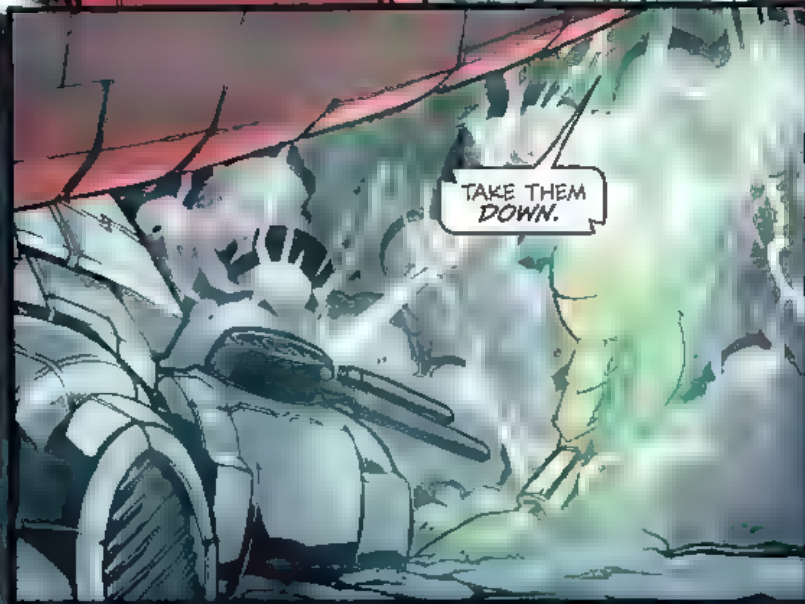
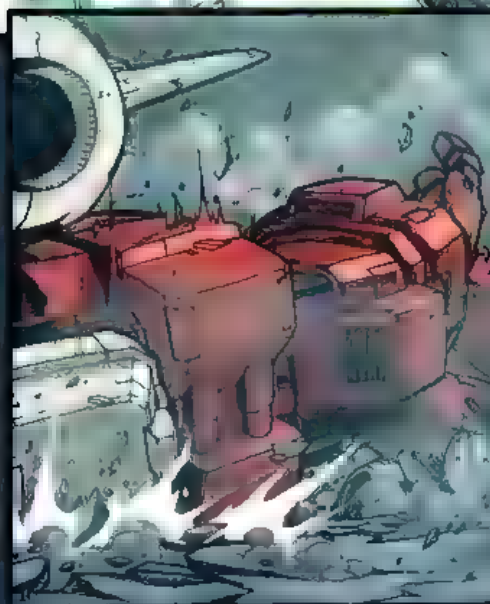
JETFIRE!  
I SEE THEM!  
THEY'RE...

...ALL  
AROUND  
US!



DAMN.













NOSCON, WHAT ARE YOU *DOING*? WE'VE GOT TO GET TO THE POD. THIS IS A SURVEY SHIP... THOSE THINGS'LL GO THROUGH OUR DEFENSES LIKE THEY WEREN'T THERE!

I'M LAUNCHING A *DISTRESS BUOY*. SOMEONE HAS TO KNOW WHAT'S GONE ON HERE!

**HURRY!**



THE CRASH OF  
*DISTANT THUNDER...*





...UNLEASHES YET  
ANOTHER **BLINDING** FLASH  
OF BITTER MEMORY

THERE IS NO HIDING FROM IT, FROM  
WHAT DID-AND *DIDN'T*-DO. WE USED  
AND ABUSED OUR WORLD, AND IN THE  
PROCESS CREATED A **MONSTER**.

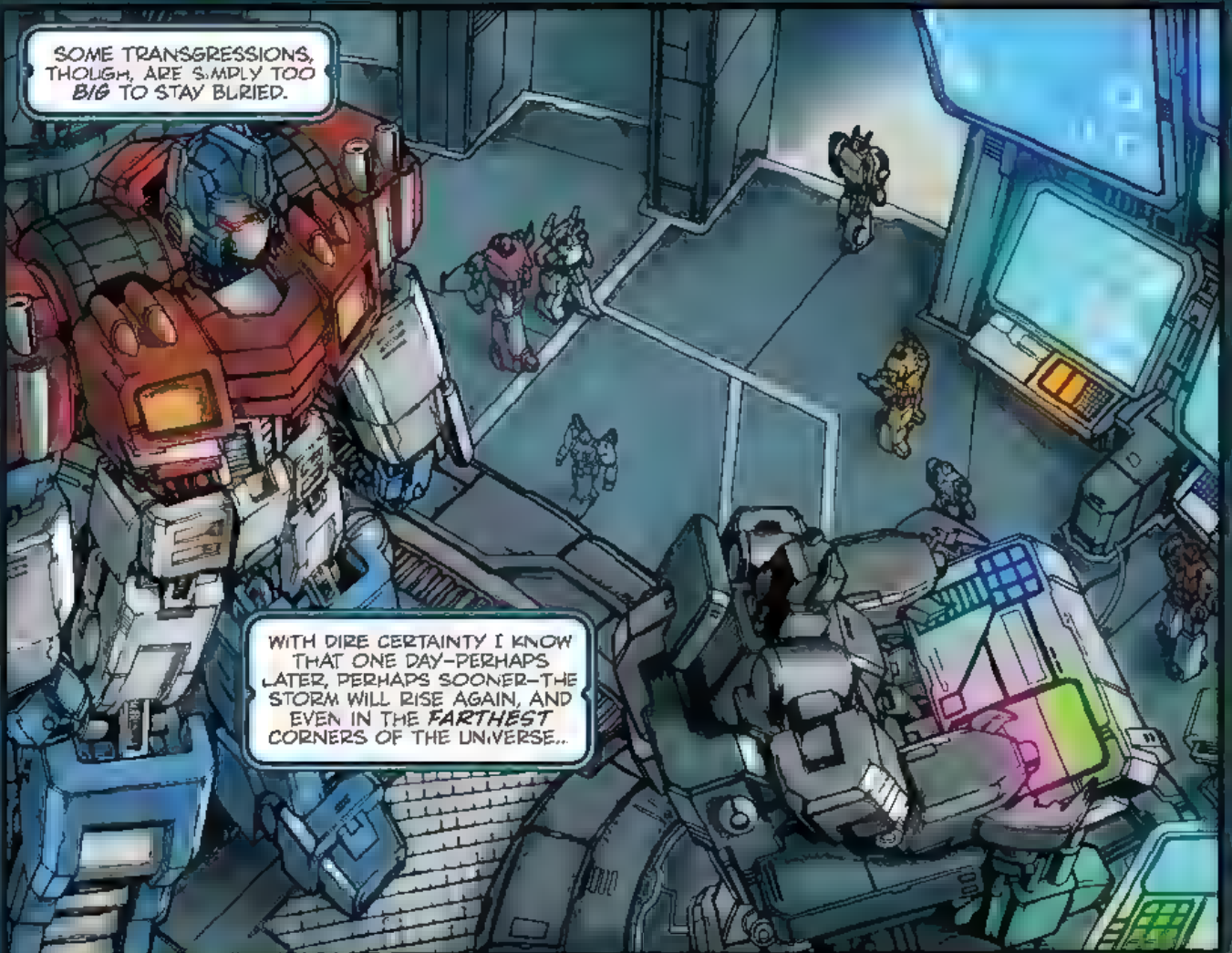
OUR FOLLY, OUR IGNORANCE,  
OUR SHORTSIGHTEDNESS GIVEN  
**DREAD** SHAPE AND FORM.

IT TOOK EVERYTHING WE HAD  
AND MORE TO STOP IT, TO HALT ITS  
FLAILING, **APOCALYPTIC** ADVANCE.  
BUT EVEN THEN IT WAS NOT THE  
CREATURE THAT YIELDED...

...BUT  
**CYBERTRON**  
ITSELF!

AS IF BENT ON ONE LAST,  
**SELFLESS** ACT OF SACRIFICE,  
IT TOOK OUR **SIN**... AND  
**SWALLOWED** IT WHOLE.





SOME TRANSGRESSIONS,  
THOUGH, ARE SIMPLY TOO  
BIG TO STAY BLIND.

WITH DIRE CERTAINTY I KNOW  
THAT ONE DAY—PERHAPS  
LATER, PERHAPS SOONER—THE  
STORM WILL RISE AGAIN, AND  
EVEN IN THE **FARTHEST**  
CORNERS OF THE UNIVERSE...

"...WE WILL HEAR ITS NAME!"

THNDRGG-

THNDRGG-

HH?

WHERE?

THNDRWGG-

THNDRWGG-

NO...





THUNDERWING!

THUNDERWING!

TO BE CONTINUED.





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## STORMBRINGER



IDW  
ISSUE #2  
RETAILER  
INCENTIVE

# TRANSFORMERS

SIMON FURMAN • DON FIBLER/D4

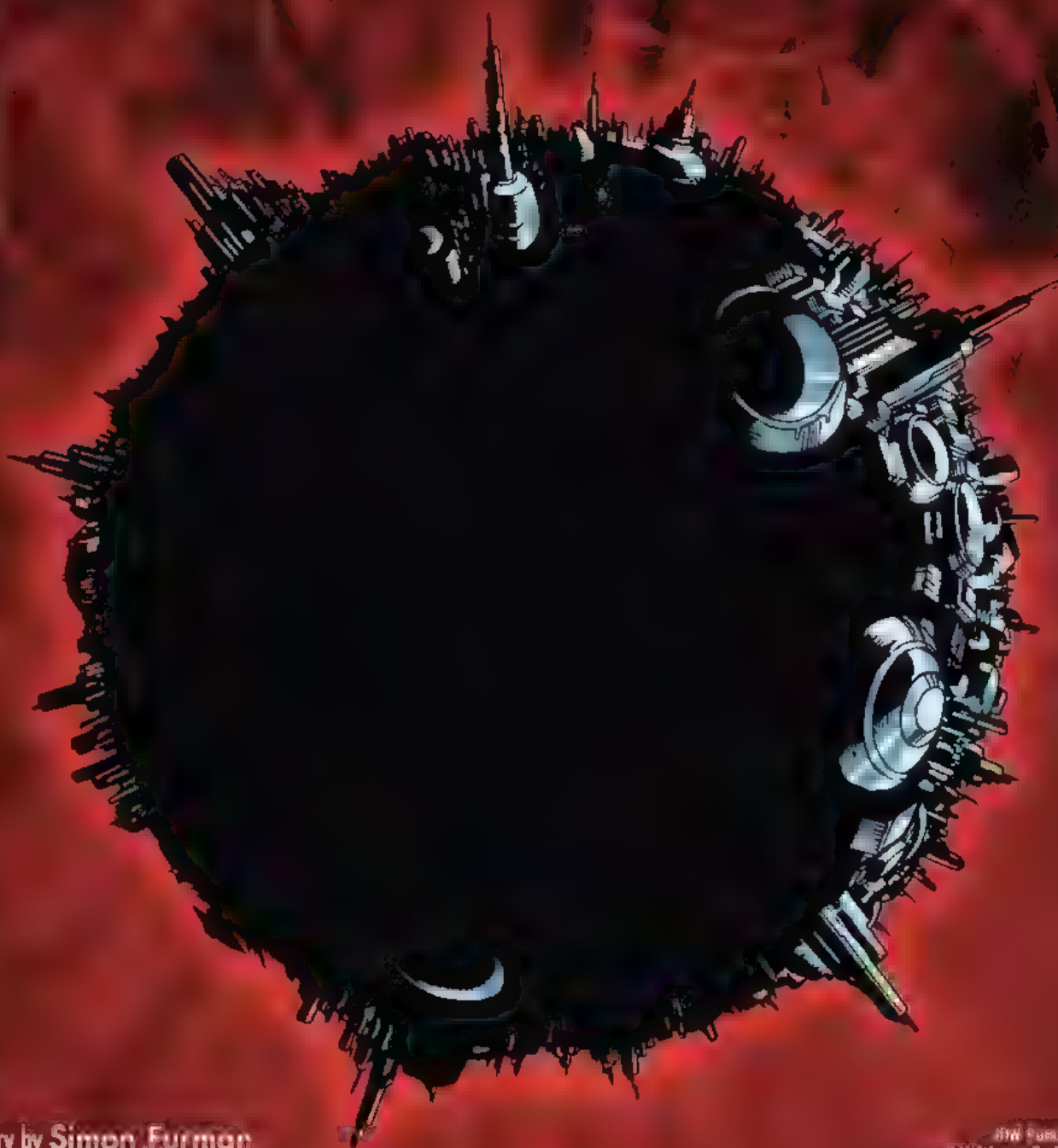
## STORMBRINGER





# The Transformers: Stormbringer #2

Returning to CYBERTRON on a routine science/monitoring mission, JETFIRE and the TECHNOBOTS (STRAFE, AFTERBURNER, NOSECONE, SCATTERSHOT and LIGHTSPEED) discover that planet is not quite as abandoned as they thought. The echoes of a munderous conflict against an unstoppable foe have again grown loud, and the storm is raging again, full force!



Story by Simon Furman

Art by Don Figueroa

Colors by Josh Burcham

Letters by Robbie Robbins

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NEBULOS:

WE SAW THE *SIGNS*,  
THE PORTENTS—THE  
*DARK CLOUDS*  
GATHERING ON OUR  
HORIZONS, AND YET...

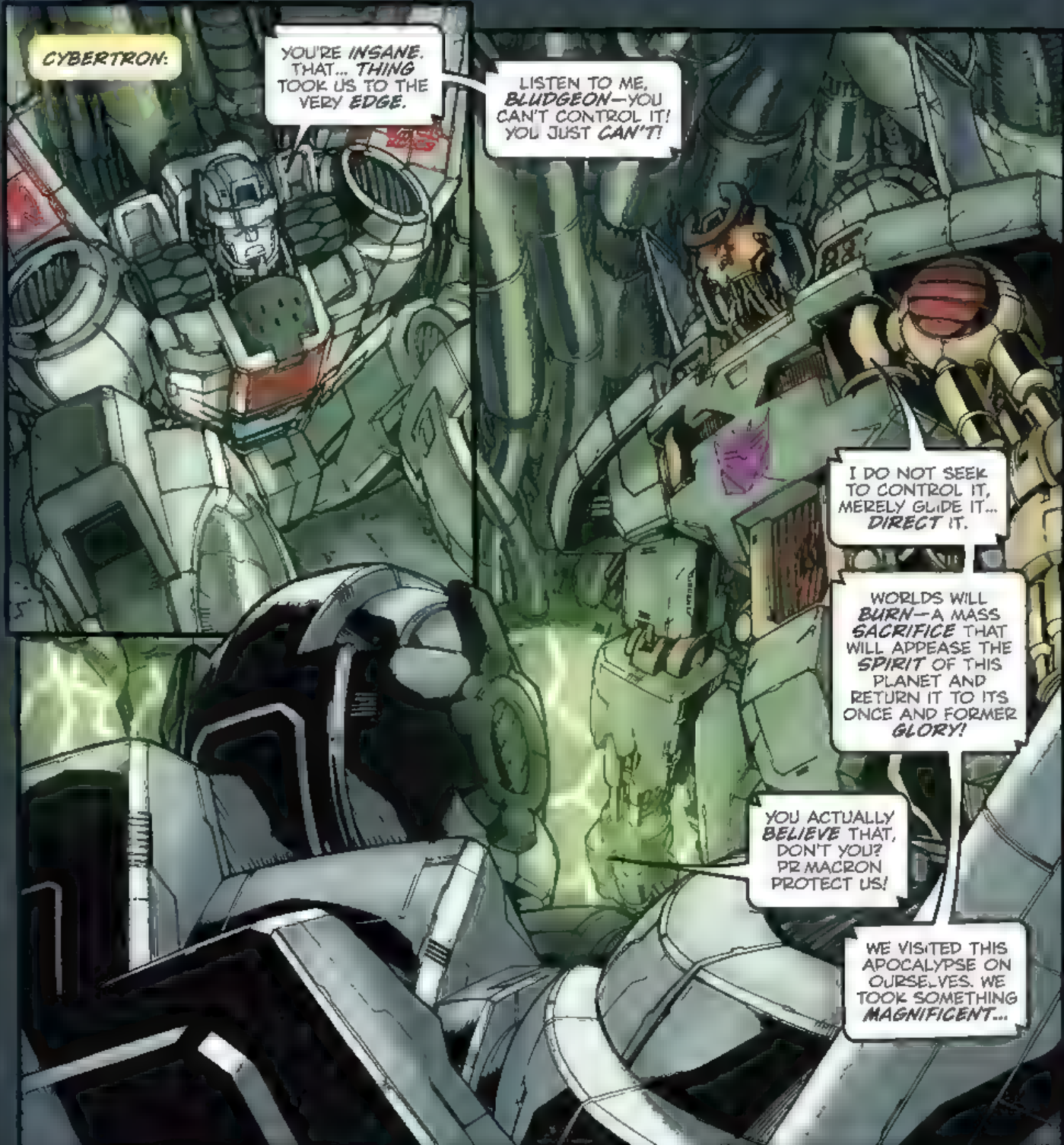
...WE *AVERTED* OUR  
EYES, PRETENDED IT  
WASN'T COMING.

AND IN DOING SO, WE  
UNLEASHED A *STORM*  
OF EVEN *GREATER*  
MAGNITUDE, ONE THAT  
SO VERY NEARLY...

...DESTROYED  
US ALL.







CYBERTRON:

YOU'RE *INSANE*.  
THAT... *THING*  
TOOK US TO THE  
VERY *EDGE*.

LISTEN TO ME,  
*BLUDGEON*—YOU  
CAN'T CONTROL IT!  
YOU JUST *CAN'T*!

I DO NOT SEEK  
TO CONTROL IT,  
MERELY *GLIDE* IT...  
*DIRECT* IT.

WORLDS WILL  
*BURN*—A MASS  
*SACRIFICE* THAT  
WILL *APPEASE* THE  
*SPIRIT* OF THIS  
PLANET AND  
RETURN IT TO ITS  
ONCE AND FORMER  
*GLORY*!

YOU ACTUALLY  
*BELIEVE* THAT,  
DON'T YOU?  
PR *MACRON*  
PROTECT US!

WE VISITED THIS  
APOCALYPSE ON  
OURSELVES. WE  
TOOK SOMETHING  
*MAGNIFICENT*...

"...AND TURNED  
IT INTO A  
*WASTELAND*!"

AND IF THERE IS *BLAME* TO BE  
APPORTIONED, *JETFIRE*, YOU  
MUST SHOULDER YOUR DUE SHARE.  
YOU *KNEW*. YOU WERE *WARNED*...

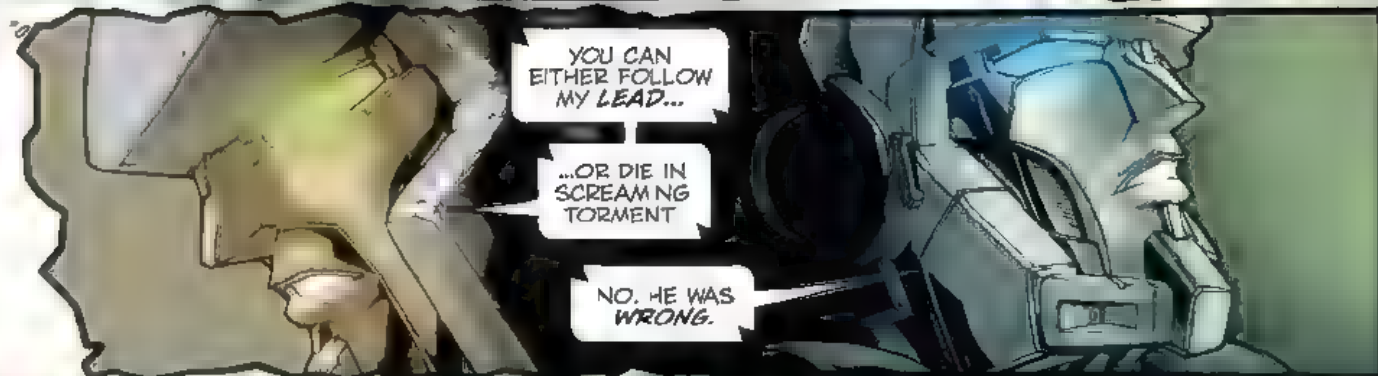




...AND YET YOU  
DID NOTHING.

CYBERTRON...  
IS DYING.

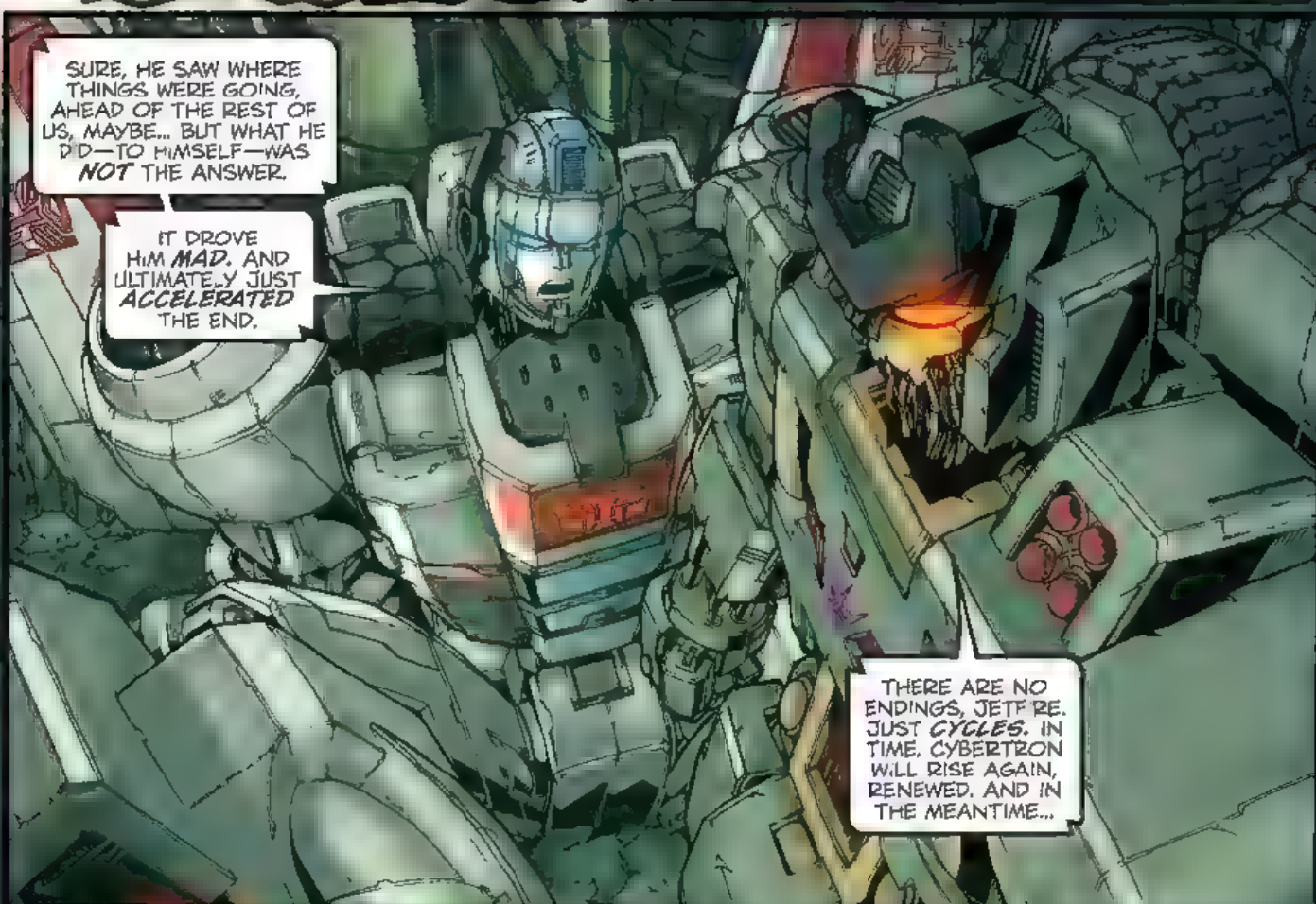
THE WAR, AS  
WELL AS LEECHING ALL  
AVAILABLE RESOURCES,  
HAS **SHATTERED** THE  
PLANET'S PROTECTIVE  
ATMOSPHERE, RAVAGED  
ITS ABILITY TO RESTORE  
AND REPLENISH ITSELF.



YOU CAN  
EITHER FOLLOW  
MY LEAD...

...OR DIE IN  
SCREAMING  
TORMENT

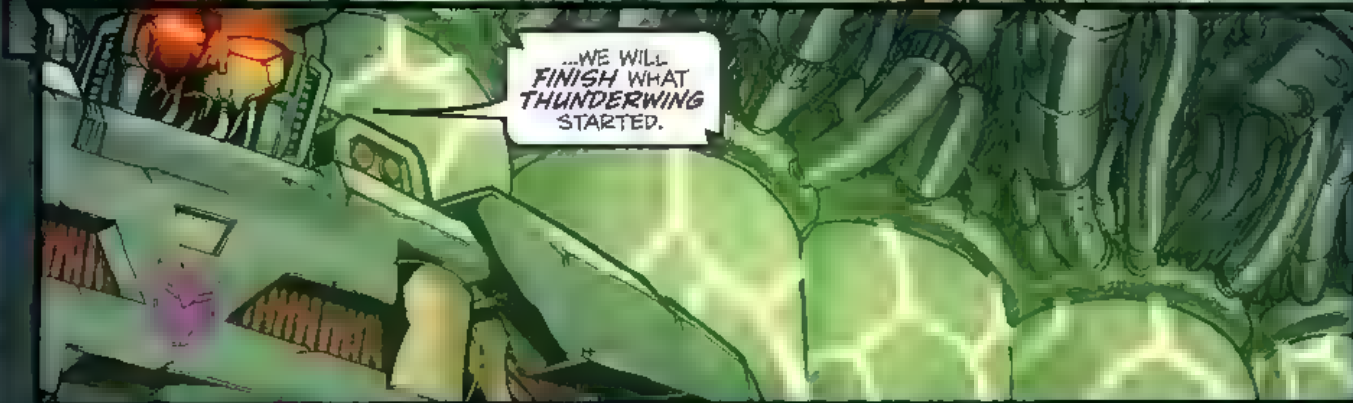
NO. HE WAS  
**WRONG.**



SURE, HE SAW WHERE  
THINGS WERE GOING,  
AHEAD OF THE REST OF  
US, MAYBE... BUT WHAT HE  
DID—TO HIMSELF—WAS  
**NOT** THE ANSWER.

IT DROVE  
HIM **MAD**. AND  
ULTIMATELY JUST  
**ACCELERATED**  
THE END.

THERE ARE NO  
ENDINGS, JETTY RE.  
JUST **CYCLES**. IN  
TIME, CYBERTRON  
WILL RISE AGAIN,  
RENEWED. AND IN  
THE MEANTIME...



...WE WILL  
**FINISH** WHAT  
**THUNDERWING**  
STARTED.





OH... NO.

YOU'RE TRYING TO  
REPLICATE HIS *GRAFTING*  
PROCESS, AREN'T YOU? I-I  
THOUGHT I RECOGNIZED  
THE TECHNOLOGY!  
BLUDGEON, YOU... CAN'T!  
YOU *MUSTN'T*—

I CAN. I HAVE.  
RIGHT NOW...

...YOUR COMPATRIOTS ARE  
PROVIDING THE NECESSARY *RAW*  
MATERIALS. AND SOON...

...WE WILL *ALL* BE SO  
MUCH *MORE* THAN WE  
ARE NOW!

WHEN YOU THINK  
ABOUT IT, THOSE WHO  
PERISHED ABOARD THE  
*CALABI-YAU*...

"...GOT OFF  
*LIGHTLY!*"



AUTOBOT ORBITAL  
COMMAND HUB:

HAS THIS BEEN  
VERIFIED?

YES, SIR. THE  
MESSAGE BUOY  
WAS DEFINITELY  
LAUNCHED BY  
THE CALABI YAU.  
WE'VE TRIED  
HAILING HER AND  
NOTHING—JUST  
DEAD SPACE.

ACTION?

A ROGUE ENERGY  
TRACE DETECTED  
IN THE IMMEDIATE  
VICINITY OF  
**THUNDERHEAD  
PASS**, MISSILES  
LAUNCHED FROM  
ROUGHLY THE SAME  
COORDINATES?  
**SEARCHLIGHT...**

...GET ME THE  
WRECKERS.



VARAS CENTRALUS,  
IN THE KOL SYSTEM

WHAT DO YOU  
MEAN, IT'S A  
LOST CAUSE? OF  
COURSE IT'S A  
LOST CAUSE.

THAT'S WHY  
WE'RE HERE!

SAY AGAIN?

NO. I DON'T CARE IF  
IT'S PHASE SIXTY! WE  
DON'T CEDE THIS WORLD  
TO THE DECEPTICONS  
WITHOUT ONE HECK OF  
A KICK AND STRUGGLE.  
LISTEN, **BLUESTREAK**,  
GET YOUR SQUAD OUT  
HERE NOW...

**THUNDER**

**THUNDER**

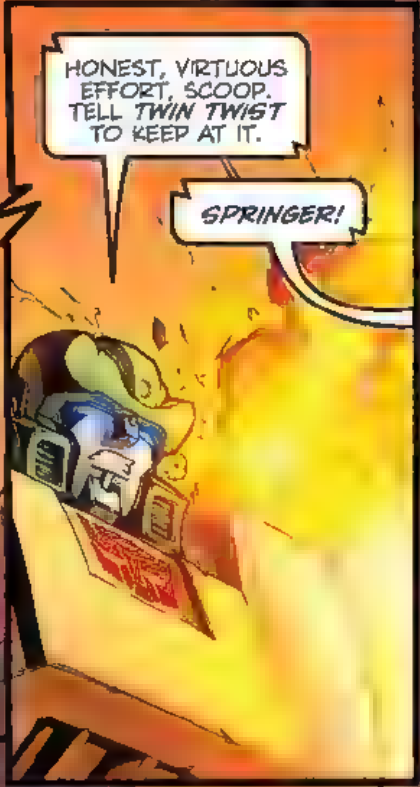
"...OR YOU'LL  
MISS ALL THE  
FUN!"





SCOOP—HOW'S  
MY STORM  
TUNNEL COMING?

SLOWLY, *SPRINGER*,  
SLOWLY. THE LOCAL  
ROCK IS VERY DENSE.  
PRIMACRON KNOWS HOW  
THE DECEPTICONS GOT  
THEIR *SIEGE MODE*  
ARMATURE PLACED!



HONEST, VIRTUOUS  
EFFORT, SCOOP.  
TELL *TWIN TWIST*  
TO KEEP AT IT.

*SPRINGER!*



OPS-COMMAND!  
IT'S URGENT.

ISN'T IT  
ALWAYS?

HH. GIVE  
IT HERE.



YES?

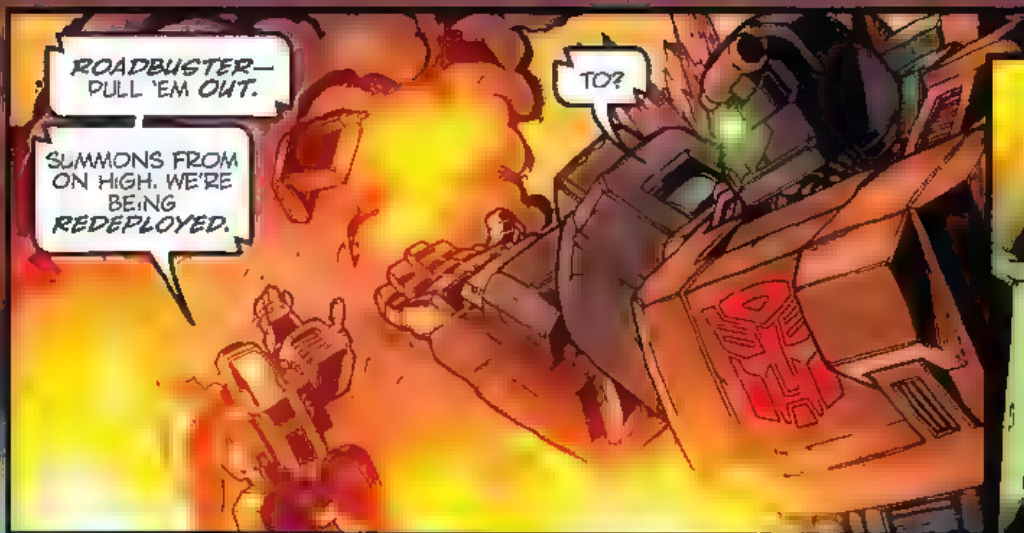
NO.

DIRECT FROM  
*PRIME*. YOL  
SAY? WHAT  
ABOUT *VARAS*?

ONE BIG DISASTER  
AREA. BUT THAT'S  
NEVER STOPPED  
US IN THE PAST.

OKAY. BUT I *HATE*  
LEAVING A BATTLE  
HALF-FOUGHT.





ROADBUSTER—  
PULL 'EM OUT.

SUMMONS FROM  
ON HIGH. WE'RE  
BEING  
REDEPLOYED.

TO?



HOME.

CYBERTRON...

"...I'M BEGGING  
YOU, DON'T  
DO IT!"

THIS THING, IT'S NOT A  
CONTAINABLE QUANTITY. IT'S  
A FORCE OF NATURE.

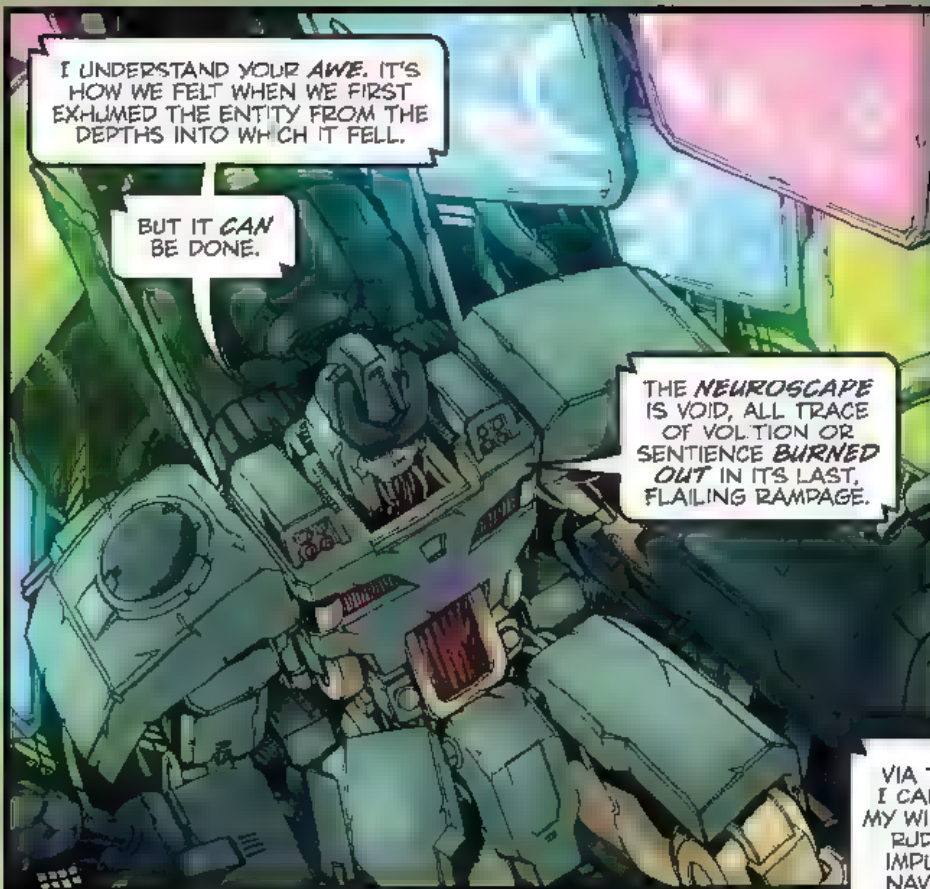
YOU CAN'T SERIOUSLY HOPE TO  
DIRECT IT, LIKE SOME GUIDED MISSILE.  
IT'LL OVERWHELM YOU, ROLL RIGHT  
OVER YOU! IT'S JUST...



...TOO BIG.







I UNDERSTAND YOUR AWE. IT'S HOW WE FELT WHEN WE FIRST EXHUMED THE ENTITY FROM THE DEPTHS INTO WHICH IT FELL.

BUT IT *CAN* BE DONE.

THE *NEUROScape* IS VOID, ALL TRACE OF VOLITION OR SENTIENCE *BURNED OUT* IN ITS LAST, FLAILING RAMPAGE.

VIA THE UPLINK, I CAN *IMPRINT* MY WILL—PROVIDE RUDIMENTARY IMPULSES AND NAVIGATIONAL PROMPTS. THE REST, WELL...

"...IT'LL BE A CASE OF DOING WHAT COMES *NATURALLY*."

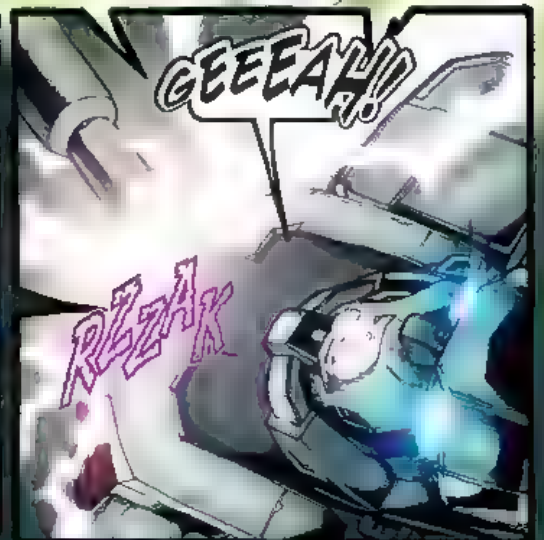
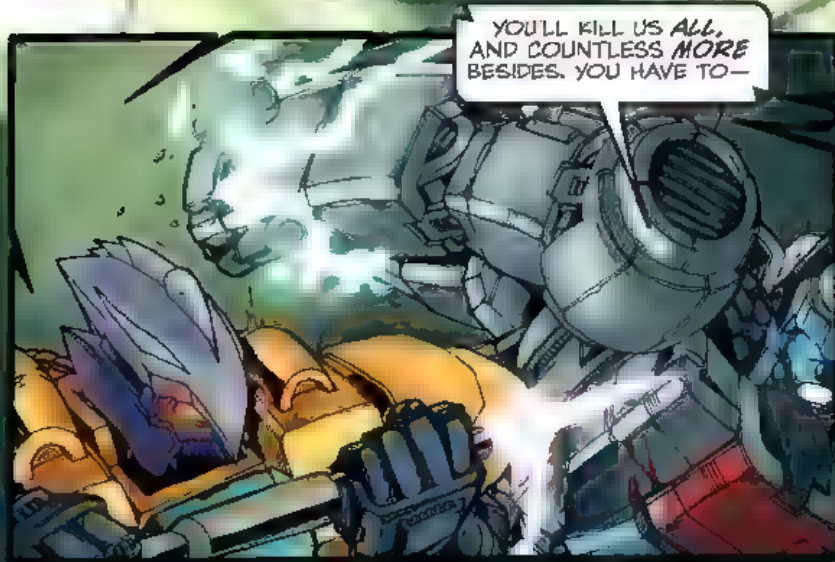
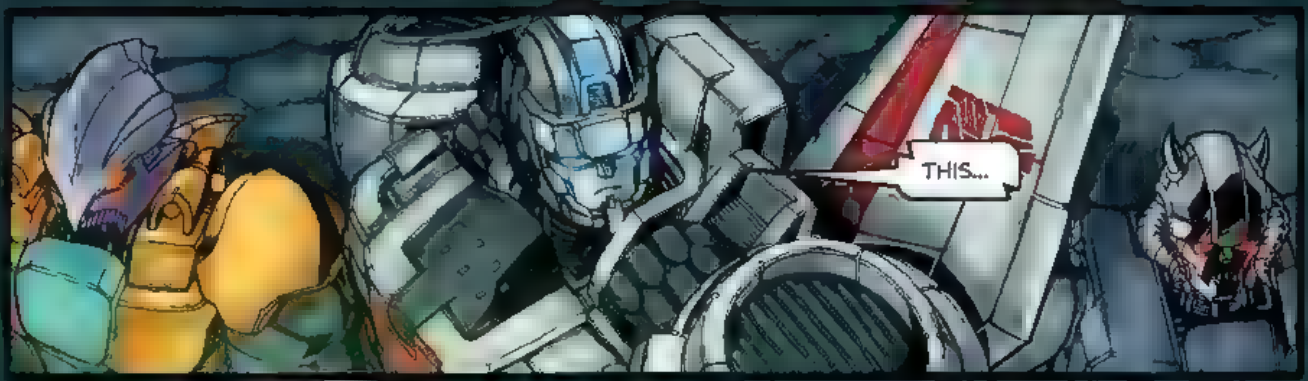
DOING...

NO... *NO!* IF YOU LET IT *LOOSE*, THERE'LL BE NO STOPPING IT. YOU CAN'T JUST TURN IT ON AND OFF, IT'LL CONSUME EVERYTHING... *YOU* INCLUDED!

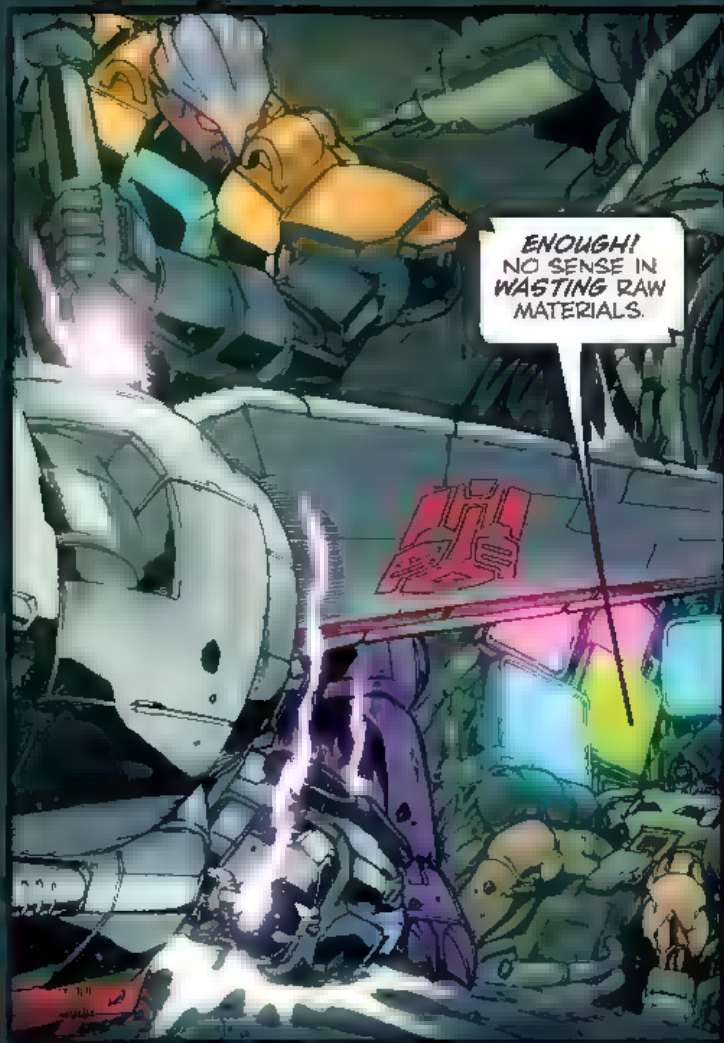
I THINK NOT. *IGHANUS, BOMB-BURST...*

...*ROUSE* THE ENTITY!

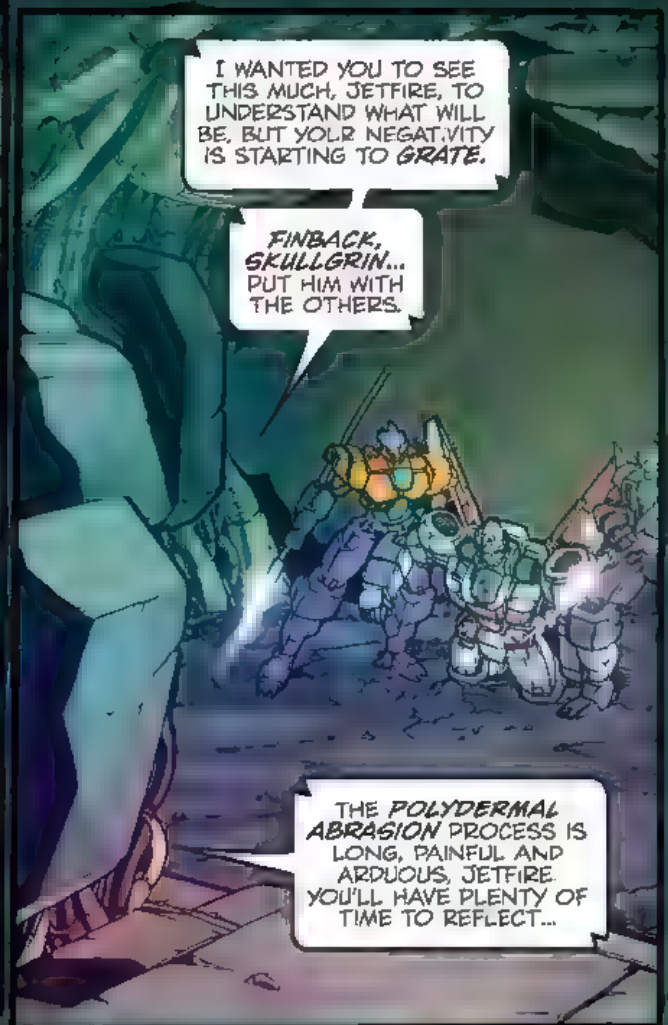








ENOUGH!  
NO SENSE IN  
WASTING RAW  
MATERIALS.



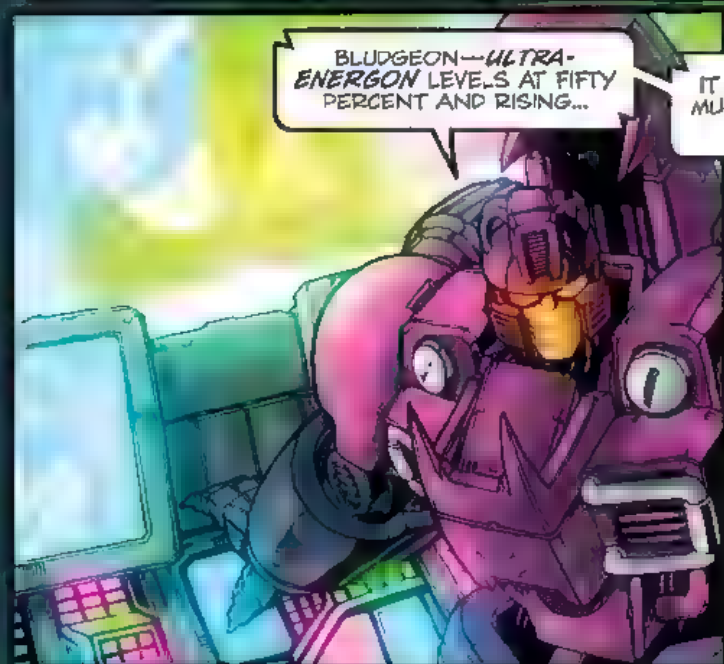
I WANTED YOU TO SEE  
THIS MUCH, JETFIRE, TO  
UNDERSTAND WHAT WILL  
BE, BUT YOUR NEGATIVITY  
IS STARTING TO GRATE.

FINBACK,  
SKULLGRIN...  
PUT HIM WITH  
THE OTHERS.

THE POLYDERMAL  
ABRASION PROCESS IS  
LONG, PAINFUL AND  
ARDUOUS, JETFIRE.  
YOU'LL HAVE PLENTY OF  
TIME TO REFLECT...

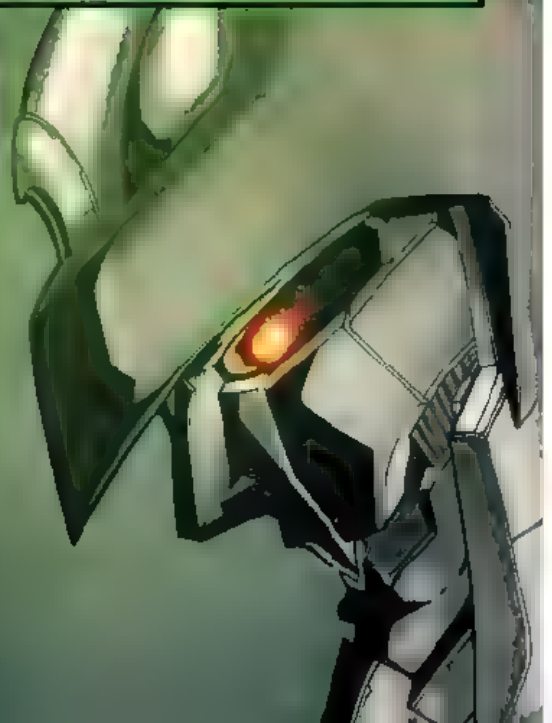


...ON YOUR  
GENERAL LACK  
OF FAITH.



BLUDGEON—ULTRA-  
ENERGON LEVELS AT FIFTY  
PERCENT AND RISING...

IT WON'T BE  
MUCH LONGER  
NOW!







AUTOBOT  
BATTLECRUISER  
XANTHUM:

The top panel of the comic shows a large, red and grey Autobot Battlecruiser, the Xantium, being attacked by a massive, dark, and menacing figure. The figure, Thunderwing, is shown in a dynamic pose, launching a powerful energy attack that creates a bright blue and white explosion on the side of the ship. The background is a dark, stormy sky with streaks of light.

THUNDERWING.  
HHH.




The middle panel shows the interior of the Autobot Battlecruiser Xantium. Springer, a green Autobot, is seated at a control console, looking towards the right. The console is filled with various screens and buttons. In the background, other Autobot crew members are visible, working at their stations. The atmosphere is tense, with a bright blue light emanating from the right side of the panel.

NEVER DID  
WANT TO LIVE  
FOREVER.

THAT'S NOT CONFIRMED,  
SPRINGER. BUT, GIVEN THE  
CIRCUMSTANCES, I'M  
TAKING NO CHANCES.

OUR E.T.A.  
IS NINETEEN  
MEGACYCLES.  
YOU?


ABOUT THAT. WE'LL  
RENDEZVOUS ON  
LUNAR TWO'S  
DARKSIDE.



The bottom panel is a close-up of Springer's face. He has a determined and slightly grimacing expression, with his mouth open as if speaking. His green armor and blue visor are visible. The background is a soft, out-of-focus blue.

FINE. LOOK,  
PRIME... IF IT IS  
THUNDERWING,  
CONVENTIONAL  
WEAPONRY WON'T  
CUT IT, WE KNOW  
THAT FROM  
BITTER  
EXPERIENCE.

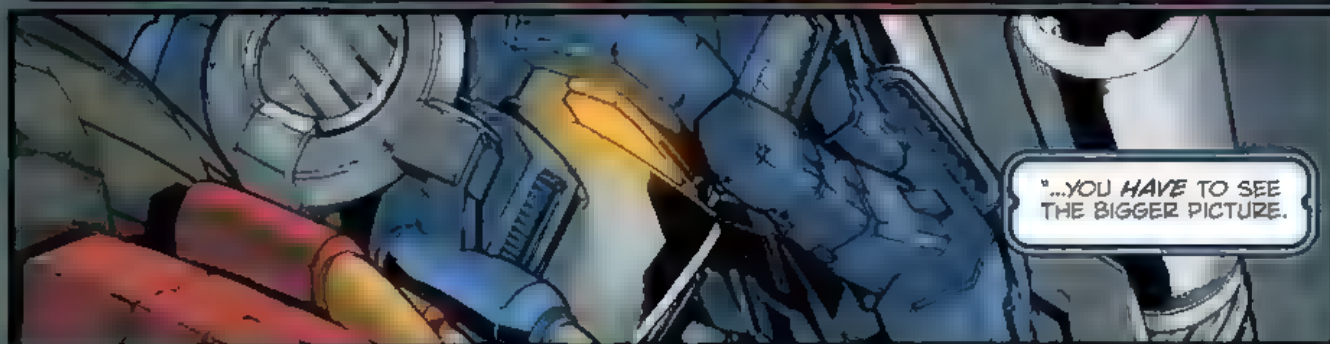
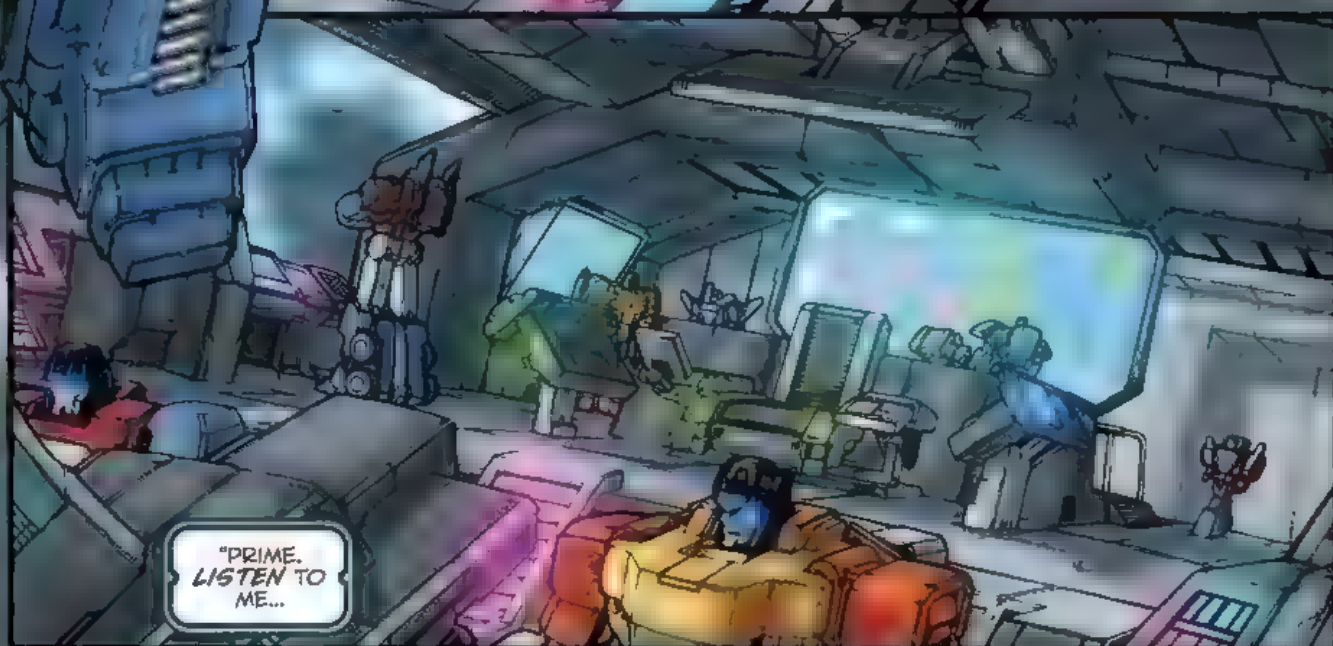
IF ALL  
ELSE FAILS...



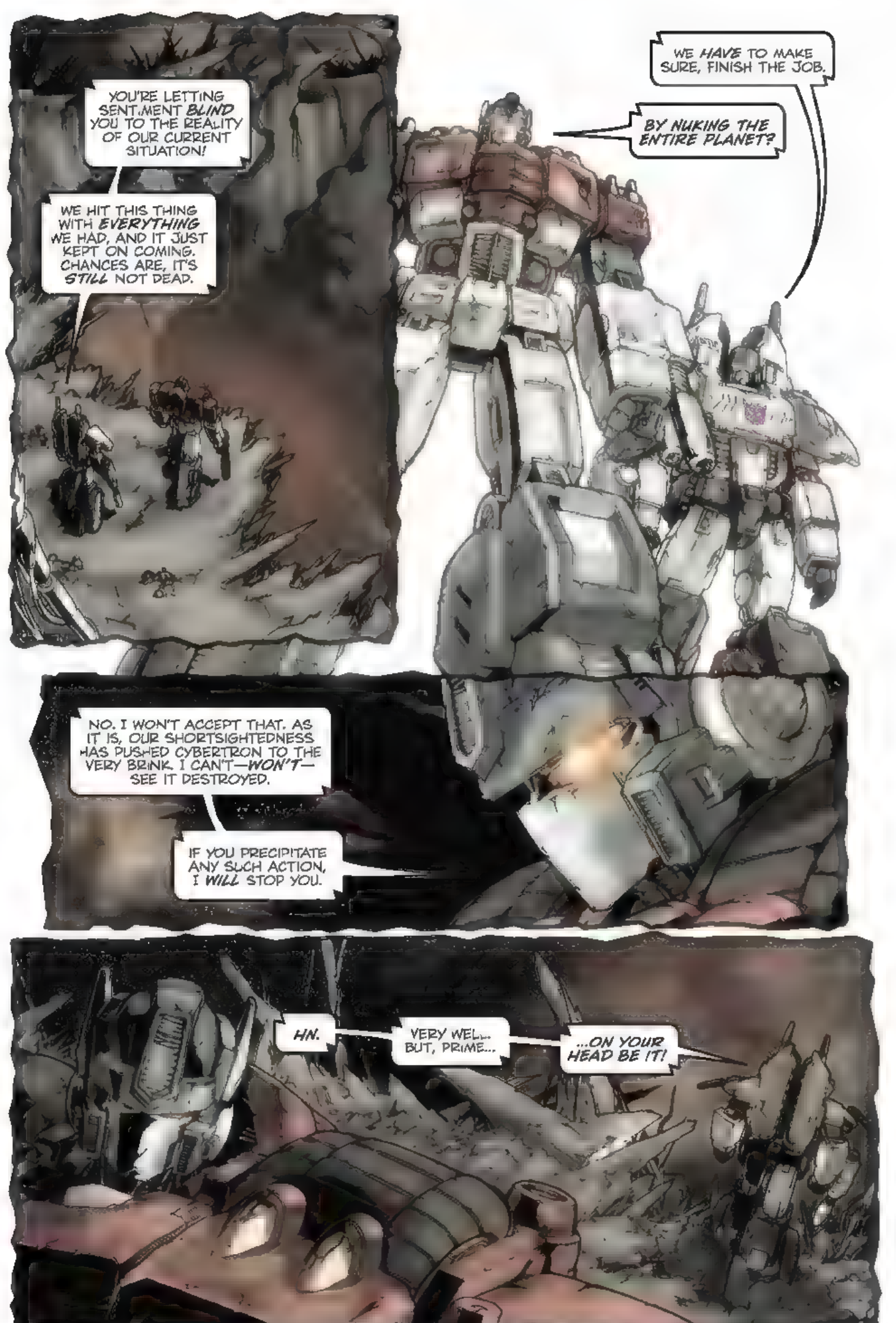
The final panel shows a close-up of Springer's face in profile, looking towards the right. He has a serious and resolute expression. The lighting is dramatic, with strong highlights and shadows on his face and armor.

...I SAY WE **BURN**  
WHAT'S LEFT OF  
CYBERTRON AND  
THAT MONSTROSITY  
ALONG WITH IT!









YOU'RE LETTING  
SENTIMENT *BLIND*  
YOU TO THE REALITY  
OF OUR CURRENT  
SITUATION!

WE HIT THIS THING  
WITH *EVERYTHING*  
WE HAD, AND IT JUST  
KEPT ON COMING.  
CHANCES ARE, IT'S  
*STILL* NOT DEAD.

WE *HAVE* TO MAKE  
SURE, FINISH THE JOB.

BY *NUKING* THE  
ENTIRE PLANET?

NO. I WON'T ACCEPT THAT. AS  
IT IS, OUR SHORTSIGHTEDNESS  
HAS PUSHED CYBERTRON TO THE  
VERY BRINK. I CAN'T—*WON'T*—  
SEE IT DESTROYED.

IF YOU PRECIPITATE  
ANY SUCH ACTION,  
I *WILL* STOP YOU.

HN.

VERY WELL...  
BUT, PRIME...

...ON YOUR  
HEAD BE IT!





OPTIMUS  
PRIME?

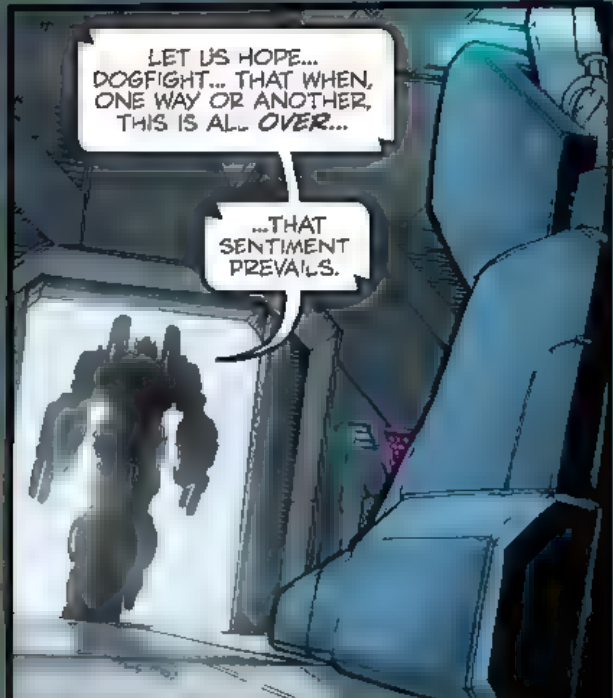
AH, UM...  
DOGFIGHT,  
ISN'T IT?

YES, SIR! I, AH, JUST  
WANTED TO SAY WHAT  
AN HONOR IT IS TO  
SERVE ALONGSIDE YOU  
ON THIS MISSION.

I'M VERY EXCITED BY  
THE OPPORTUNITY.



EXCITED?



LET US HOPE...  
DOGFIGHT... THAT WHEN,  
ONE WAY OR ANOTHER,  
THIS IS ALL OVER...

...THAT  
SENTIMENT  
PREVAELS.



CYBERTRON:

AFTERBURNER?  
AFTERBURNER?  
C'MON... GET UP!

WH-? UH...

EVERYTHING...  
HURTS. HARD  
TO THINK...

...TO MOVE...

I KNOW. COSMIC RADIATION  
LEVELS ARE OFF THE SCALE.  
LIGHTSPEED AND THE OTHERS  
HAD SHIELDING... WE DON'T.

THAT'S WHY WE HAVE TO  
FIND SHELTER. IF WE STAY  
OUT HERE, WE DIE.

TH-THOUGHT WE WERE...  
ALREADY DEAD...

YEAH. CUT IT  
FINE. ONLY JUST  
GOT TO THE  
ESCAPE POD...

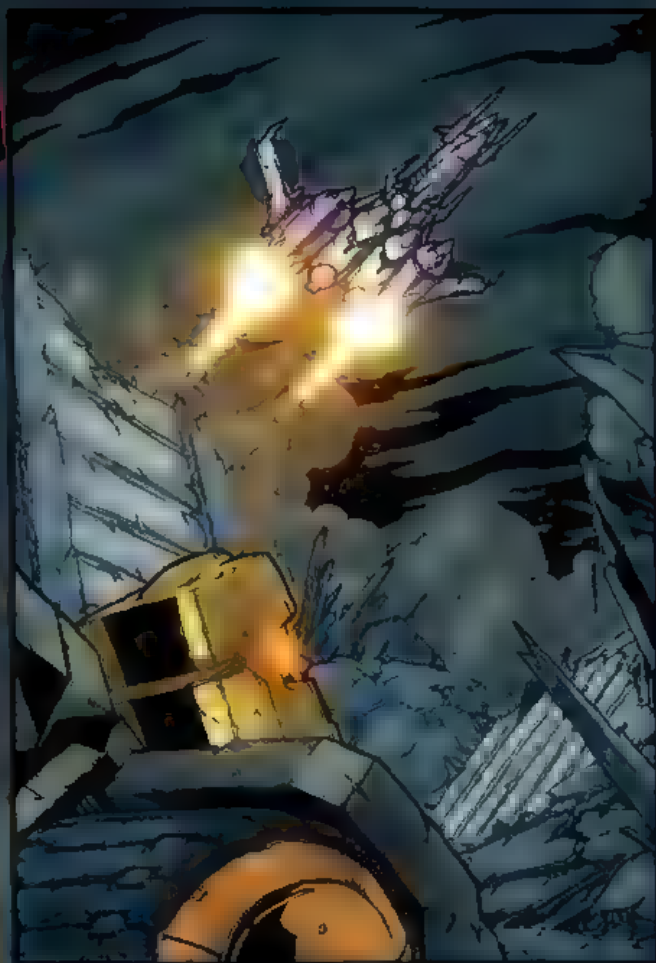
...BEFORE THE  
CALIB-YAU WAS  
VAPORIZED



AS IT WAS, THE  
BLAST TOOK OUT THE  
POD'S GYRO-GUIDANCE  
THRUSTERS. MUST'VE  
FALLEN LIKE A—

KRRMM

WZAT?



NOTHING.

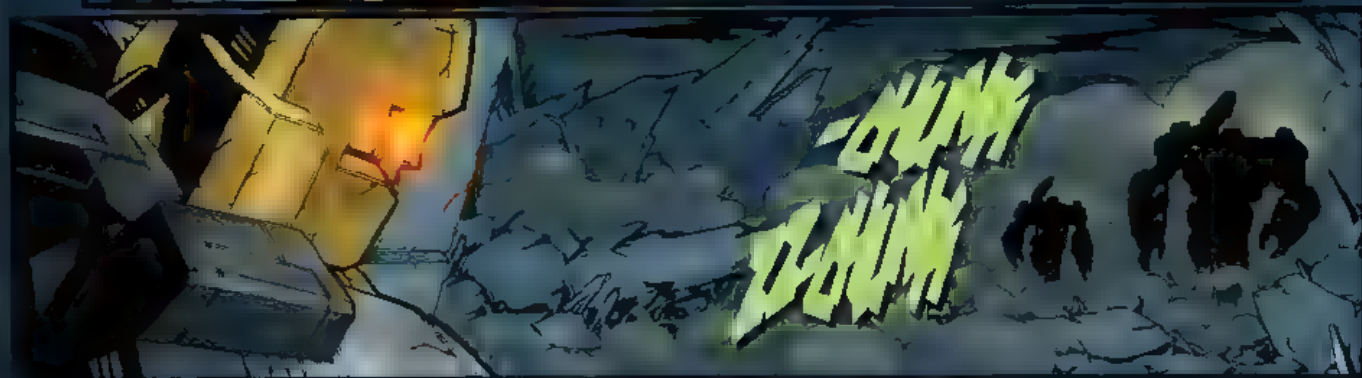
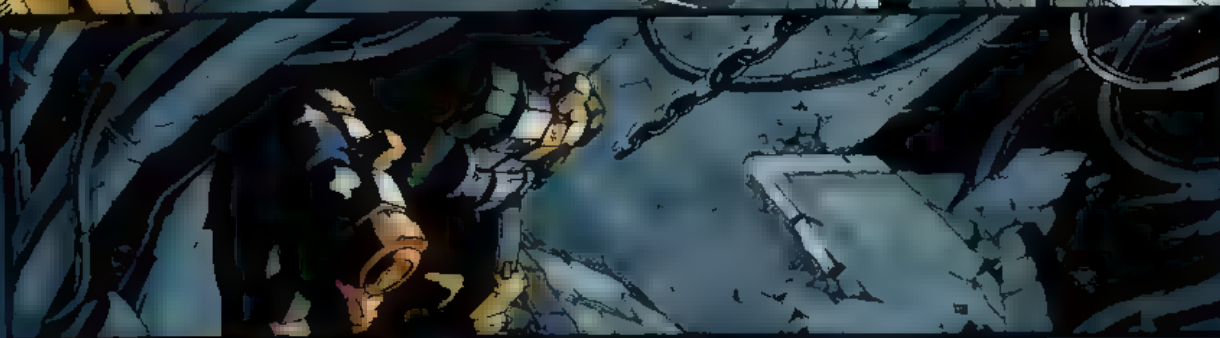
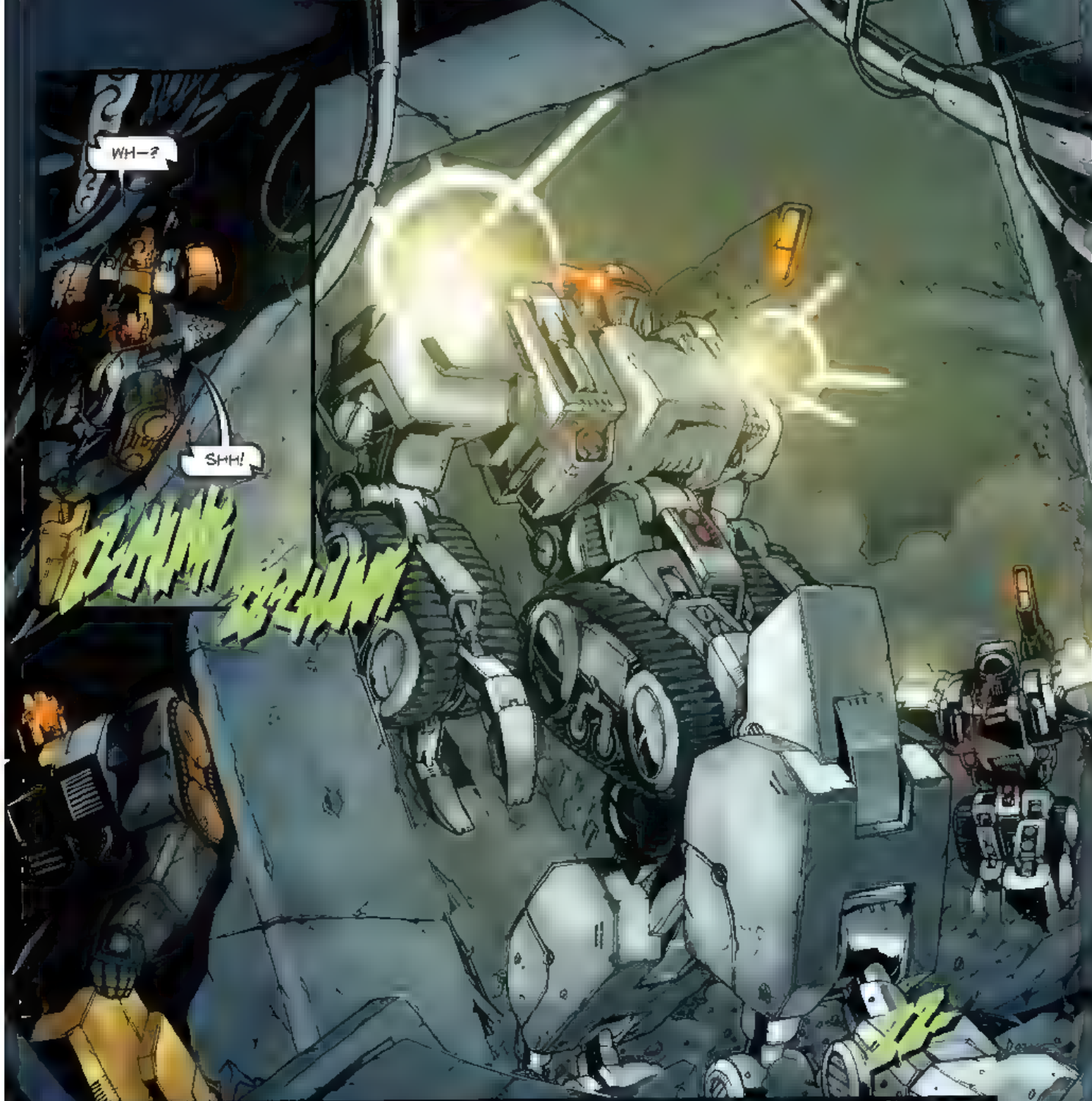
C'MON... IF WE'RE  
WHERE I *THINK* WE ARE,  
THERE'S A STORAGE  
BUNKER BY THE LATERAL  
ZONE PERIMETER. IT  
SHOULD—



MOVE!









WH THEY-?

YEAH, CENTURION  
DRONES.

QUEST ON  
IS... WERE THEY  
JUST ON PATROL,  
OR WERE THEY  
LOOKING FOR US?

EITHER  
WAY, IT'S A FAIR  
BET WHOEVER  
REACTIVATED, AND-  
BY THE LOOK OF  
THINGS-UPGRADED  
THEM, WAS THE SAME  
SOMEONE WHO TRIED  
TO VAPE US IN  
ORBIT

WE HAVE TO *KEEP*  
MOVING BETWEEN THE  
CENTURIONS AND THE  
GENERAL TOXIC SMOG,  
WE'RE A DISTINCTLY  
*ENDANGERED* SPECIES.

NOSECONE, I...

CLEAR

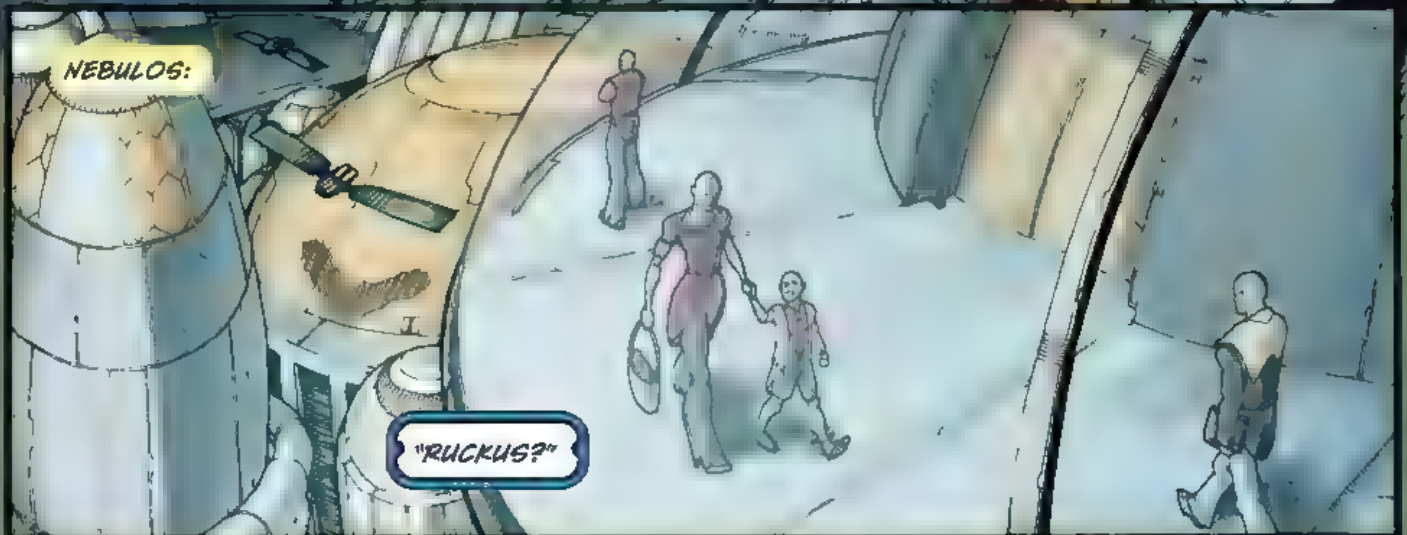
...DON'T  
THINK...

...I CAN GO  
OWNN...

...NEITHER...  
CAN. I.

Y-Y'KNOW  
SOMETHING,  
AFTERBURNER...





DECEPTICON  
INFILTRATION  
UNIT:

WHATEVER IT IS,  
DARKWING, IT'S  
CLOSING FAST.

NEBULAN?

NEGATIVE.  
TOO B.G. TOO  
SOPHISTICATED. IT  
EMERGED THROUGH  
A **FOLDSPACE**  
**TRANSITION**, SO IT  
MUST HAVE SOME KIND  
OF INTERSTELLAR  
DRIVE.


SHOULD HAVE  
**VISUAL** ANY  
MOMENT NOW...

WE SAW THE **SIGNS**, THE  
PORTENTS—THE **DARK CLOUDS**  
GATHERING ON OUR HORIZONS,  
AND YET WE **AVERTED** OUR EYES,  
PRETENDED IT WASN'T COMING.

AND IN DOING SO WE UNLEASHED  
A **STORM** OF EVEN **GREATER**  
MAGNITUDE, ONE THAT SO VERY  
NEARLY DESTROYED US **ALL**.

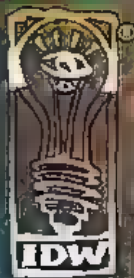
AND **NOW**, IT SEEMS...





...OTHERS  
SHALL REAP  
THE WHIRLWIND.

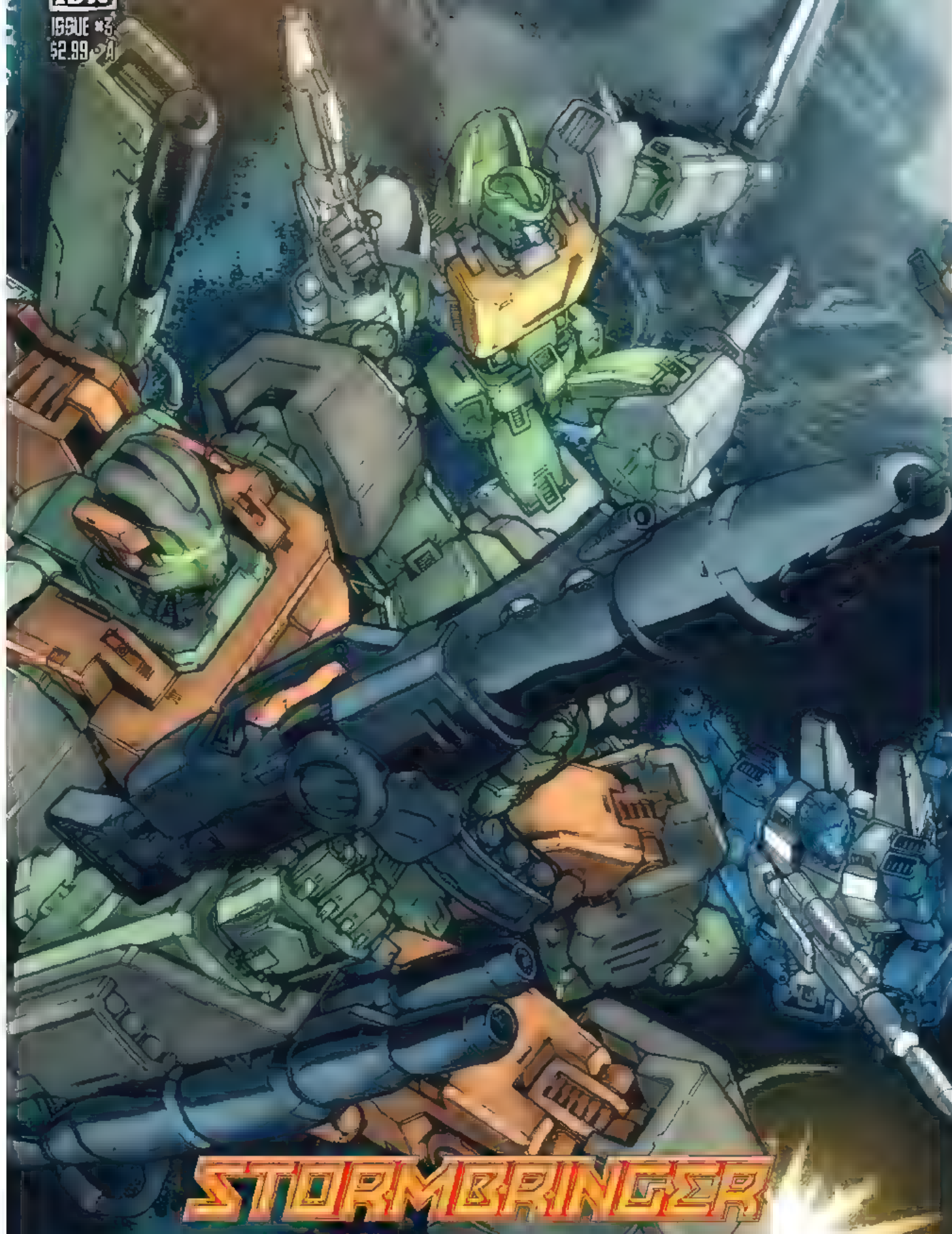
TO BE  
CONTINUED...



ISSUE #3  
\$2.99

# THE TRANSFORMERS

SIMON FURMAN • DON FIGUEROA



## STORMBRINGER



# TRANSFORMERS

SIMON FURMAN - DON FICHERA



ISSUE 1  
\$2.99

## STORMBRINGER

# The Transformers: Stormbringer #3

Having successfully reanimated the living weapon known as THUNDERWING, BLUDGEON and his rogue DECEPTICONS turn their attention to the captive JETFIRE, unaware that a distress call from TECHNOBOTS NOSECONE and AFTERBURNER has reached OPTIMUS PRIME. It's now a race against time, with BLUDGEON loose on NEBULOS and NOSECONE and AFTERBURNER at the mercy of Bludgeon's mindless Centurion drones...



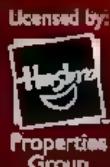
Story by Simon Furman

Art by Don Figueroa

colors by Josh Burcham

letters by Sulaco Studios

edits by Chris Ryall & Dan Taylor



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NEBULOG:

IT IS A CLEANSING,  
PURIFYING FIRE, A  
TORRID TEMPEST,  
SWEEPING AWAY  
THE PETRIED  
REMEMBRANCE OF  
SINS PAST.

A SWORD, FORGED  
FROM PURE ANARCHY  
AND BEDLAM, TO  
SCRIBE BLOODY  
TRIBUTE TO ANGRY  
POWERS-THAT-BE.

JUDGMENT.  
NEMESIS.  
ARMAGEDDON.

APOCALYPSE.

NOW

WORLDS WILL  
*BURN* AND FROM  
THE ASHES OF  
FUNERAL PYRES, LIT  
THE LENGTH AND  
BREADTH OF THE  
GALAXY

FAAASH

KRUNMP

—A NEW  
CYBERTRON  
WILL ARISE.



CYBERTRON.

"THIS..."

...IS JUST THE  
BEGINNING.

WHEN THE ENTITY IS  
FINISHED ON NEBULOS,  
WHEN IT HAS REDUCED  
THE PLANET TO A CINDER  
AND ERADICATED EVERY  
LIVING THING ON IT...

...WE WILL  
SEND IT  
ONWARDS, TO  
ANOTHER  
PLANET...

...AND  
ANOTHER...

ALL HAIL  
THUNDERWING!

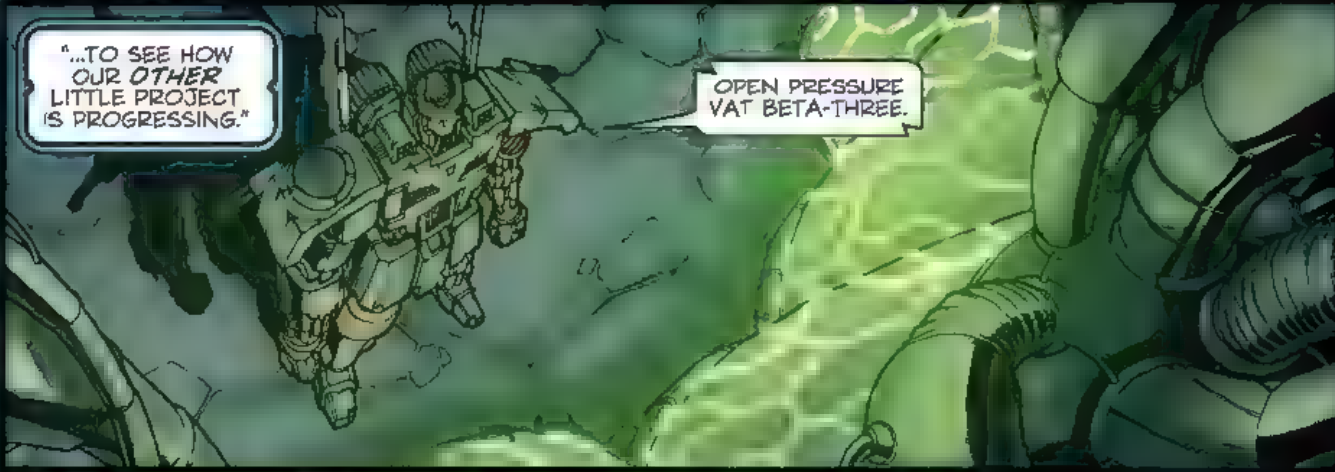
IGUANUS...

...ENGAGE THE  
AUTO-DRIVER.

RIGHT 'YARE,  
BLUDGEON.  
DONE...

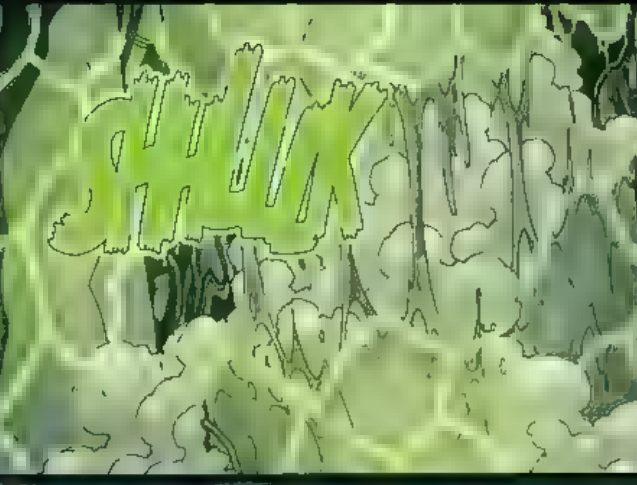
GOOD. OUR LITTLE  
WEAPON OF MASS  
DESTRUCTION KNOWS  
WHAT'S EXPECTED  
OF IT BY NOW.

AND I AM  
ANXIOUS...




"...TO SEE HOW  
OUR **OTHER**  
LITTLE PROJECT  
IS PROGRESSING."


OPEN PRESSURE  
VAT BETA-THREE.



POOR THUNDERWING. HIS  
BIO-CYBERNETIC GRAFTING  
PROCESS WAS A TRULY  
STAGGERING INNOVATION,  
BUT, ALAS, UNTESTED.  
INSTEAD OF PROTECTING  
HIM, THE SHELL'S  
SYMBIOTIC **FUSION**  
PROCESS DROVE HIM **MAD**,  
DESTROYED HIS MIND



WE, ON THE OTHER  
HAND, HAVE THE  
BENEFIT OF MORE  
**MEASURED**  
RESEARCH, SOME  
TRIAL AND ERROR.



IN THE FULLNESS  
OF TIME, WE WILL **ALL**  
HAVE UNLIMITED POWER,  
INVULNERABILITY...

... AND THE **WIT**  
TO USE THEM!



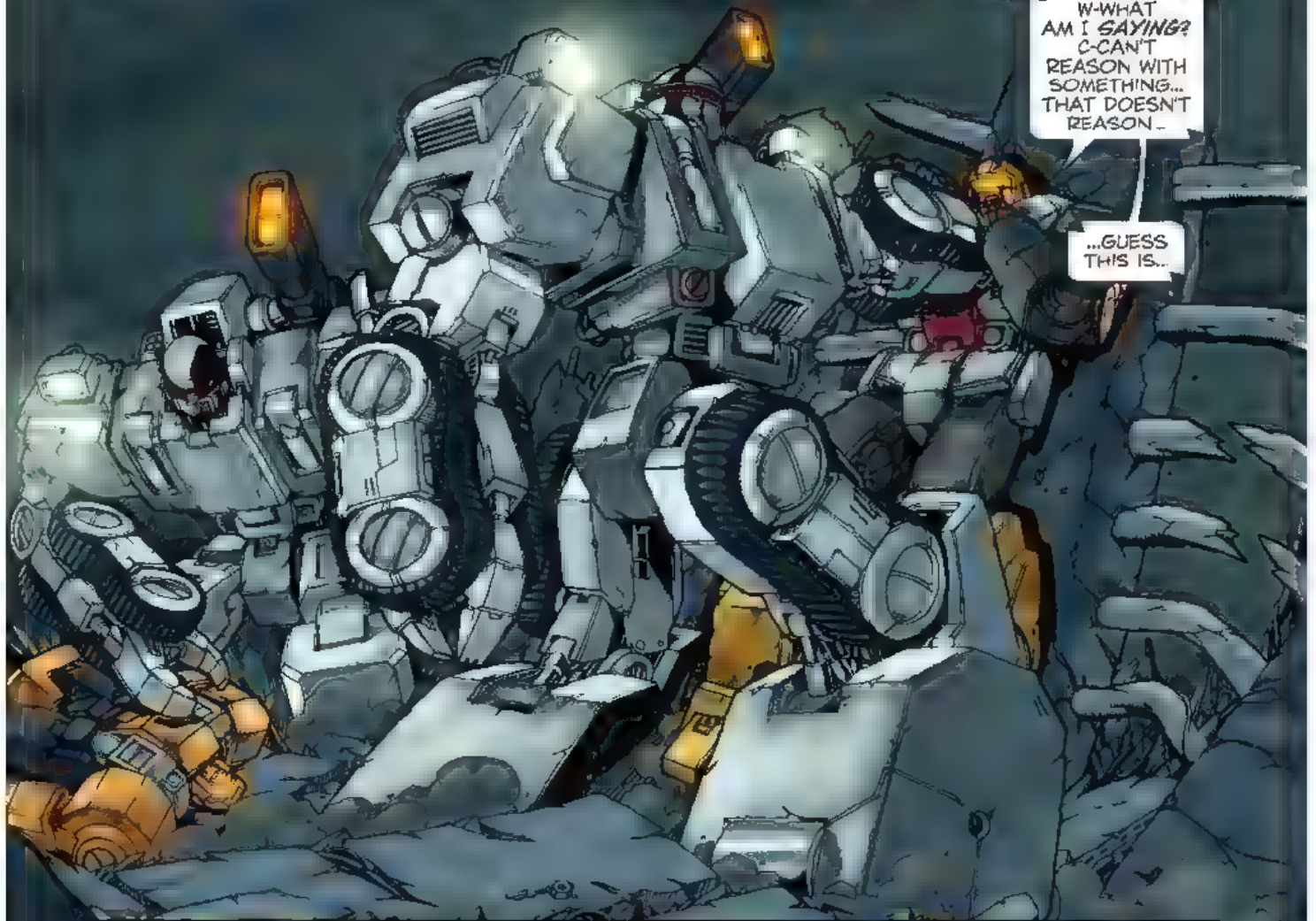
CYBERTRON  
(FORMER CITY-STATE  
OF NOVA CRONUM)

GH-HH!

DON'T! D-

W-WHAT  
AM I SAYING?  
C-CAN'T  
REASON WITH  
SOMETHING...  
THAT DOESN'T  
REASON...

...GUESS  
THIS IS...

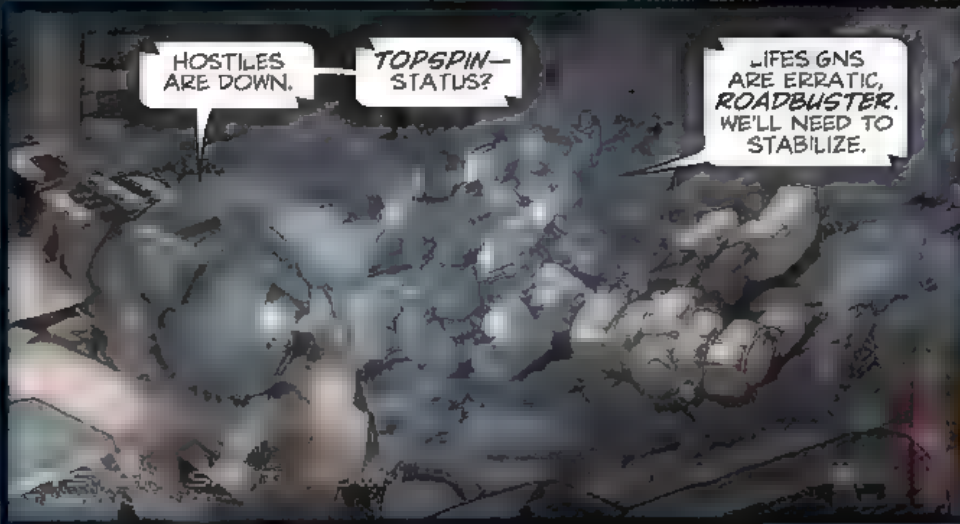
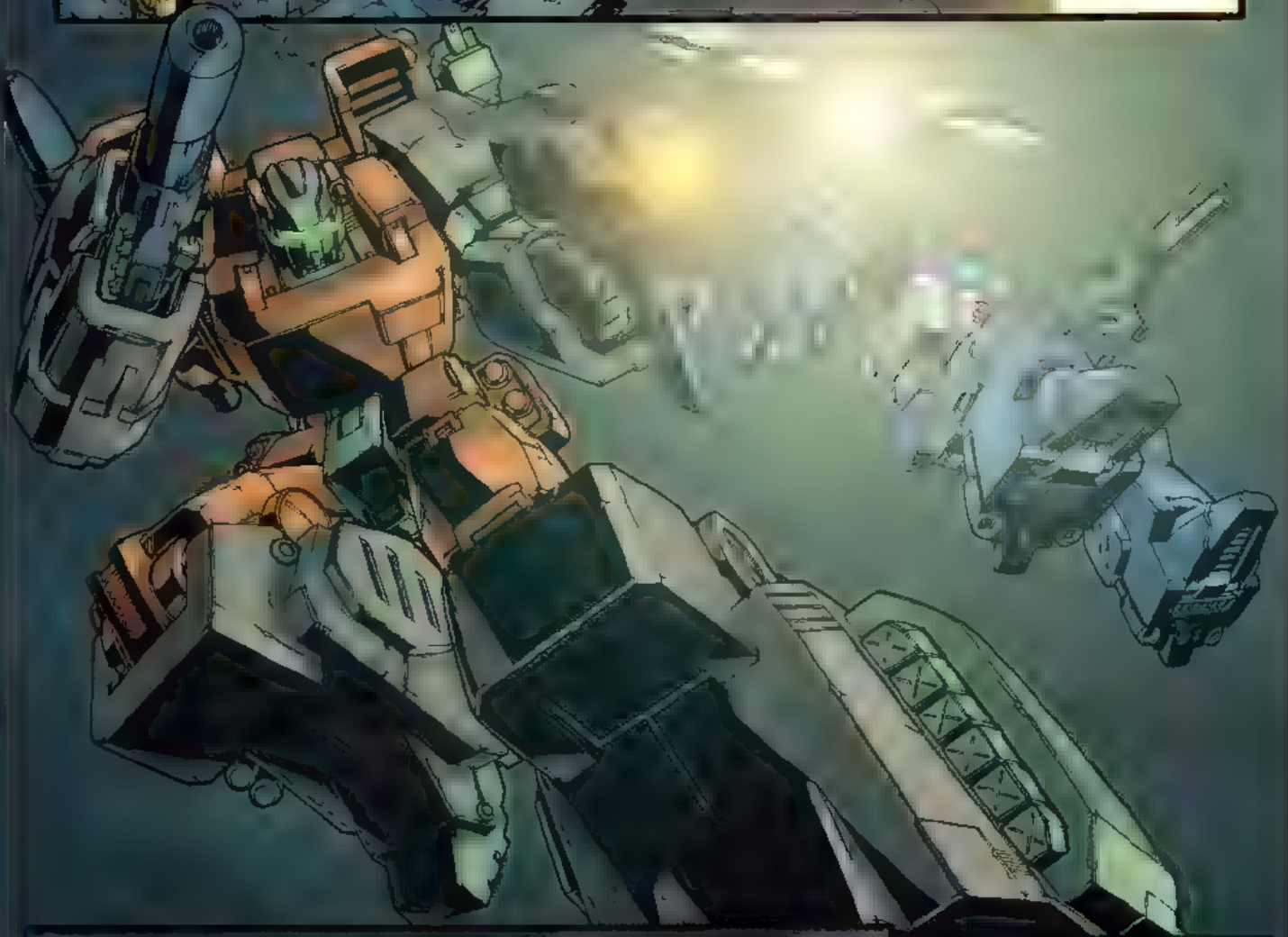
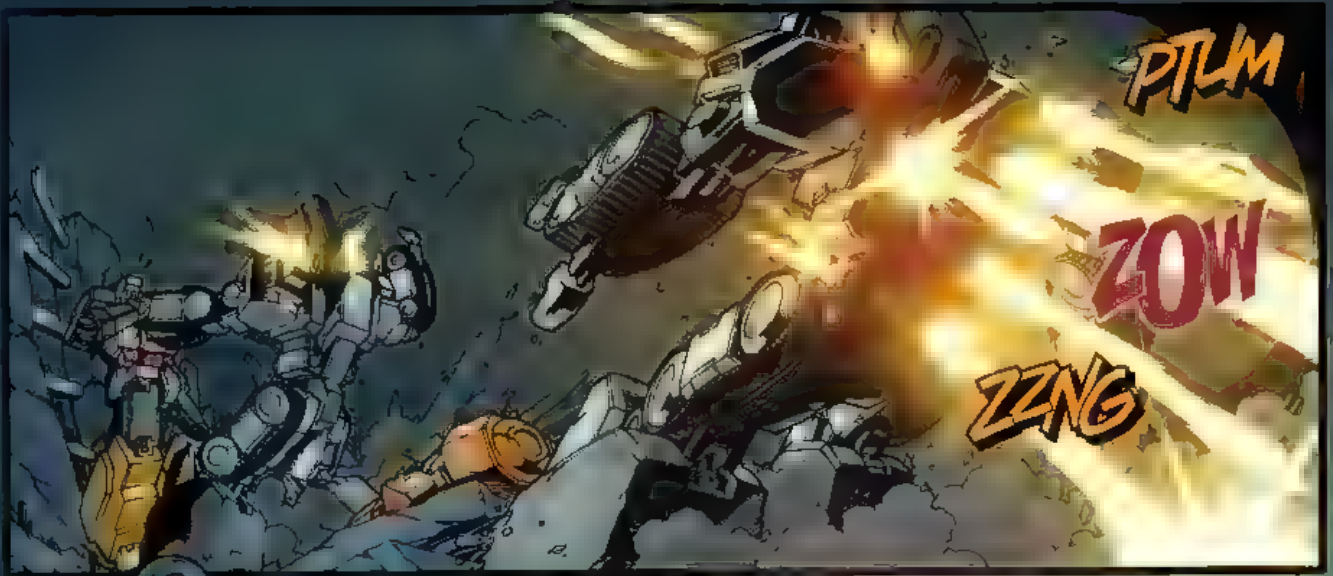


...HIT...



HH-?





HOSTILES  
ARE DOWN.

TOPSPIN—  
STATUS?

LIFE'S GNS  
ARE ERRATIC,  
ROADBUSTER.  
WE'LL NEED TO  
STABILIZE.



NOT HERE  
AREA'S TOO  
HOT. WHIRL—  
PREPARE FOR  
EMERGENCY  
EVAC.

SET...

F=



NOSECONE?

NOSECONE!

WH-~~UH~~?  
TOP... SPIN?  
TH—

—THEN... OUR  
MESSAGE GOT  
THROUGH?


BIG TIME!

MADE  
**EVERYONE**  
SIT UP AND PAY  
ATTENTION, I  
CAN TELL YOU!

SO-SO  
I SEE...

AFTERBURNER?






TOOK A BIGGER  
HIT OF COSMIC  
RADIATION THAN  
YOU DID—HE'LL BE  
OUT FOR A WHILE  
LONGER. LUCKY  
WE ARRIVED  
WHEN WE DID...


...WHOEVER  
REBOOTED THOSE  
OLD CENTURION  
DRONES WASN'T  
TAKING PRISONERS.



WHERE...  
ARE WE?



OLD BORDER  
FORTIFICATION EAST  
OF THUNDERHEAD  
PASS, SUB-LEVEL.  
WE'RE GOING IN!

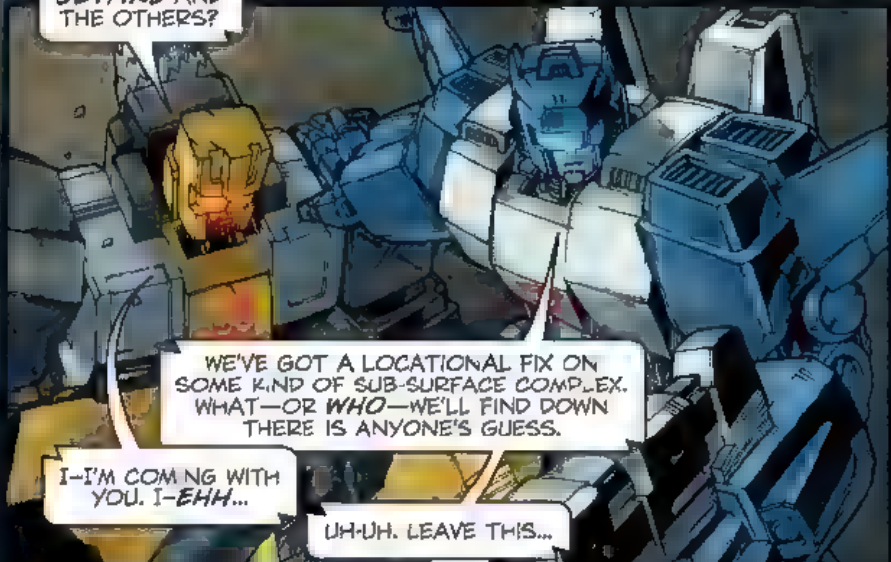


JUST ANOTHER FEW  
CYCLES, *PRIME*.

WE'RE COMING IN AT AN  
OBLIQUE ANGLE, TO AVOID  
THEIR SENSOR FILAMENTS.  
TAKES LONGER, BUT WE'LL  
BE RIGHT ON *TOP* OF THEM  
BEFORE THEY KNOW IT!

UNDERSTOOD,  
*SPRINGER*.  
CARRY ON...

THEN YOU'VE  
FOUND THEM,  
*JETFIRE* AND  
THE OTHERS?



WE'VE GOT A LOCATIONAL FIX ON  
SOME KIND OF SUB-SURFACE COMPLEX.  
WHAT—OR *WHO*—WE'LL FIND DOWN  
THERE IS ANYONE'S GUESS.

I—I'M COMING WITH  
YOU. I—EHH...

UH-UH. LEAVE THIS...



...TO THE  
PROFESSIONALS.



NEBULOS:

# WHOOOM

"SO, DARKWING—DO WE TRY AND STOP IT?"

OR MAYBE GIVE IT A HELPING HAND? I MEAN, ISN'T IT DOING WHAT WE WANT DONE ANYWAY...

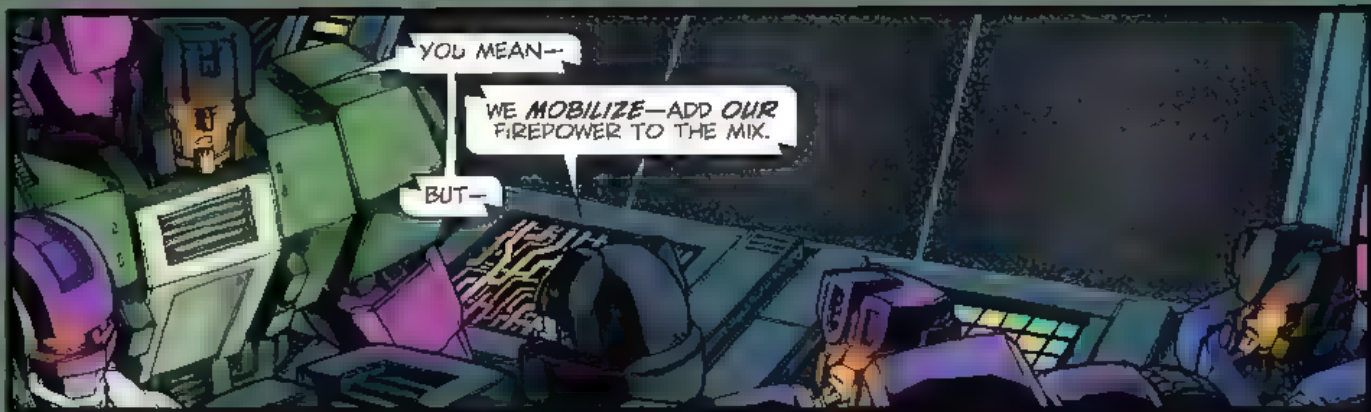
...ONLY A LOT QUICKER?

DEPENDS...

...IF IT KNOWS WHERE AND WHEN TO STOP.

TRUE. GLOBAL DEVASTATION IS PRETTY MUCH WHY WE'RE HERE, BUT WHEN ALL IS SAID AND DONE... WE STILL WANT *SOME* WORLD LEFT TO STRIP DOWN AND SHIP OUT.

THIS... *THING* PRACTICALLY DESTROYED CYBERTRON SINGLE-HANDED. I HAVE A FEELING WE'RE AS MUCH AN *ENDANGERED SPECIES* AS THE NEBULANS!



YOU MEAN--

WE MOBILIZE--ADD OUR  
FIREPOWER TO THE MIX.

BUT--



PERHAPS,  
SKULLCRUNCHER, YOU'D  
LIKE TO BE THE ONE TO  
TELL MEGATRON HOW WE  
LOST NEBULOS.

ER. NO.

NO. *SO*... MOVE OUT! HIT  
THIS THING WITH  
EVERYTHING YOU'VE GOT!

YEAH!

NOT SO FAST,  
THRUST--YOU'LL REMAIN  
HERE, IN THE COMMAND  
BUNKER. IF WE DON'T  
MAKE IT, YOU KNOW  
WHAT TO DO

RIGHT!

UH-HUH. LEAVE  
NO TRACE.



...  
LISTEN, DREADWIND,  
THERE'S A FAIR CHANCE  
THIS WON'T GO WELL.  
WHEN IT DOESN'T, WHEN  
IT LOOKS LIKE WE DID  
EVERYTHING WE COULD,  
YOU AND I...



...WE GET  
THE HELL  
OUT OF  
HERE!



CYBERTRON.

SCOOP—WE'VE  
REACHED THE  
BUFFER ZONE.  
LET SPRINGER  
KNOW, HUH?

WILL DO.

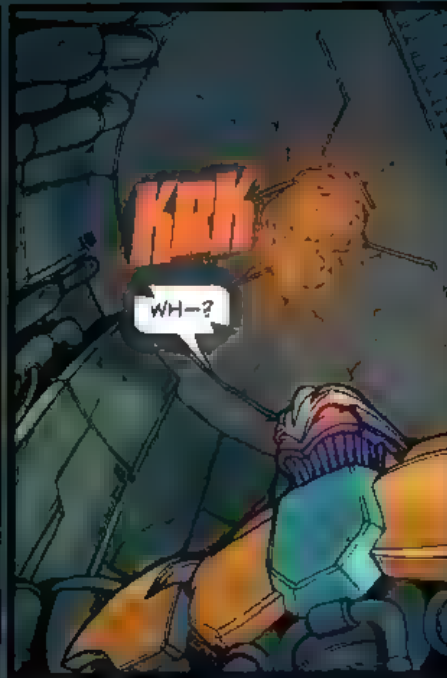
SPRINGER—  
WE'RE ABOUT  
DONE TUNNELIN'.  
YOU'RE UP.

BOLT TIME, TOO  
WRECKERS—

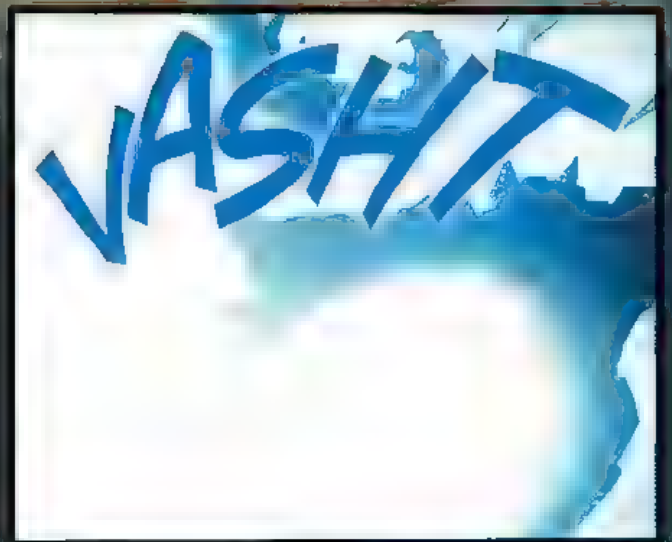
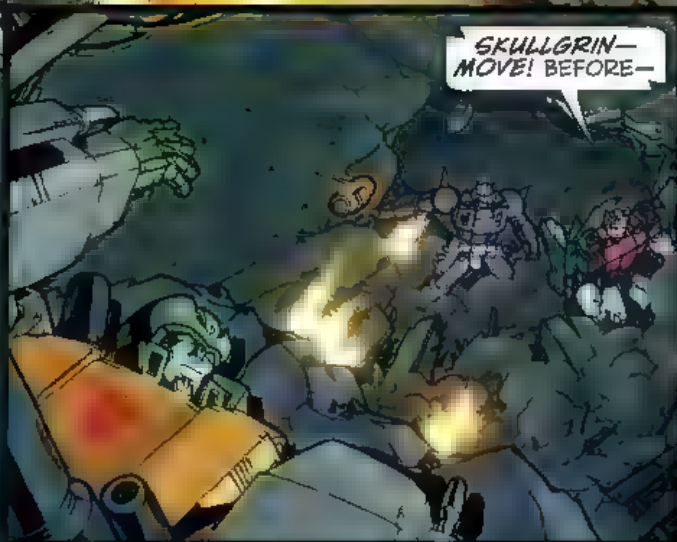
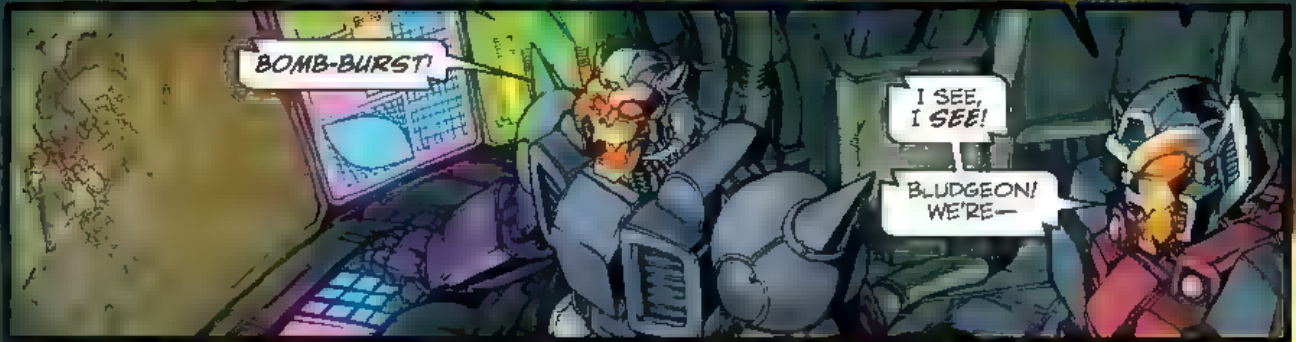
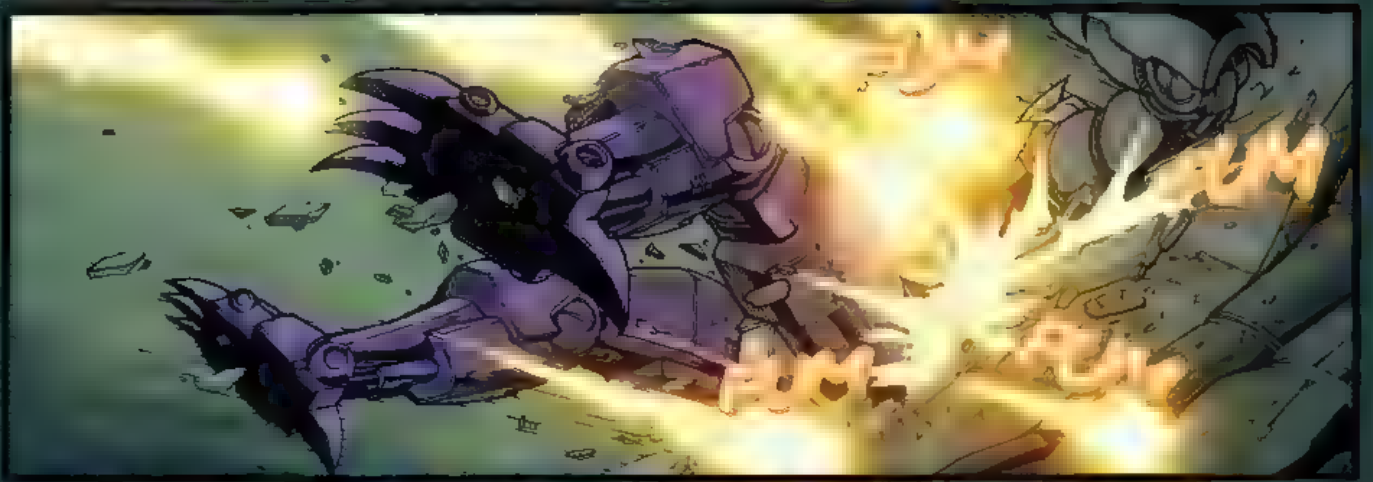
—LET'S  
GO COUNT  
HEADS!

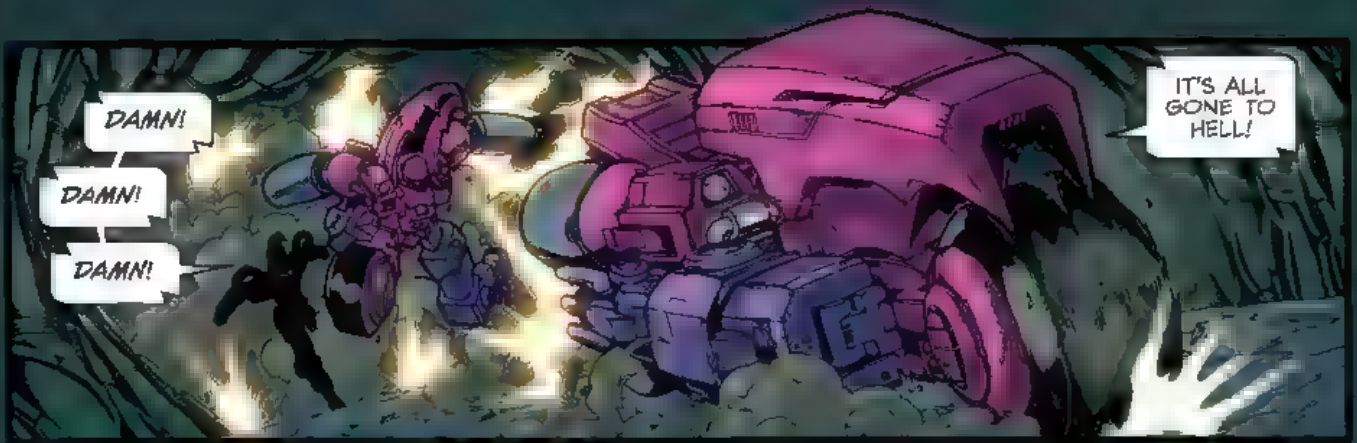
SUPPOSE THERE'S NO  
POINT IN ASKING YOU  
TO STAY UP HERE, *OUT*  
OF THE FIRING LINE.

NO.









DAMN!

DAMN!

DAMN!

IT'S ALL  
GONE TO  
HELL!

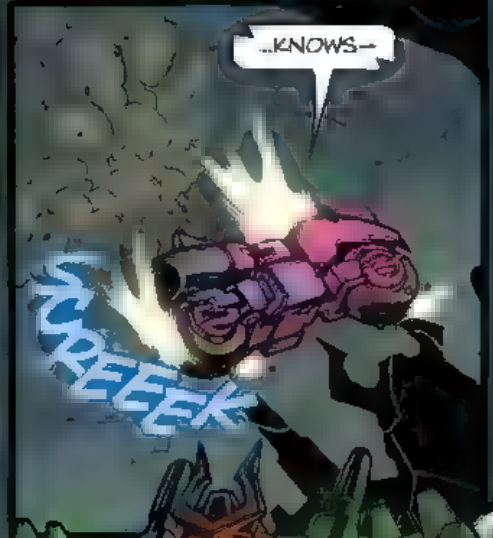


GOT TO GET  
TO THE NEXUS.  
BLUDGEON WILL  
KNOW WHAT  
TO DO.



THUD

BLUDGEON  
ALWAYS...



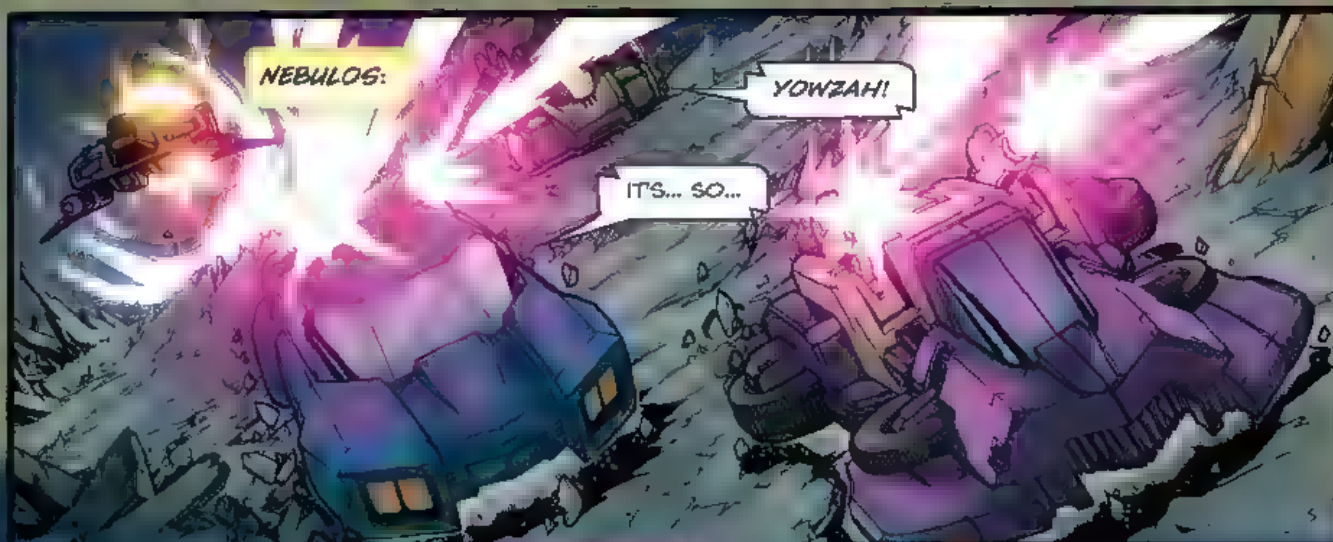
...KNOWS—

SCREEEK



BH-BLUDGEON?





NEBULOS:

YOWZAH!

IT'S... SO...

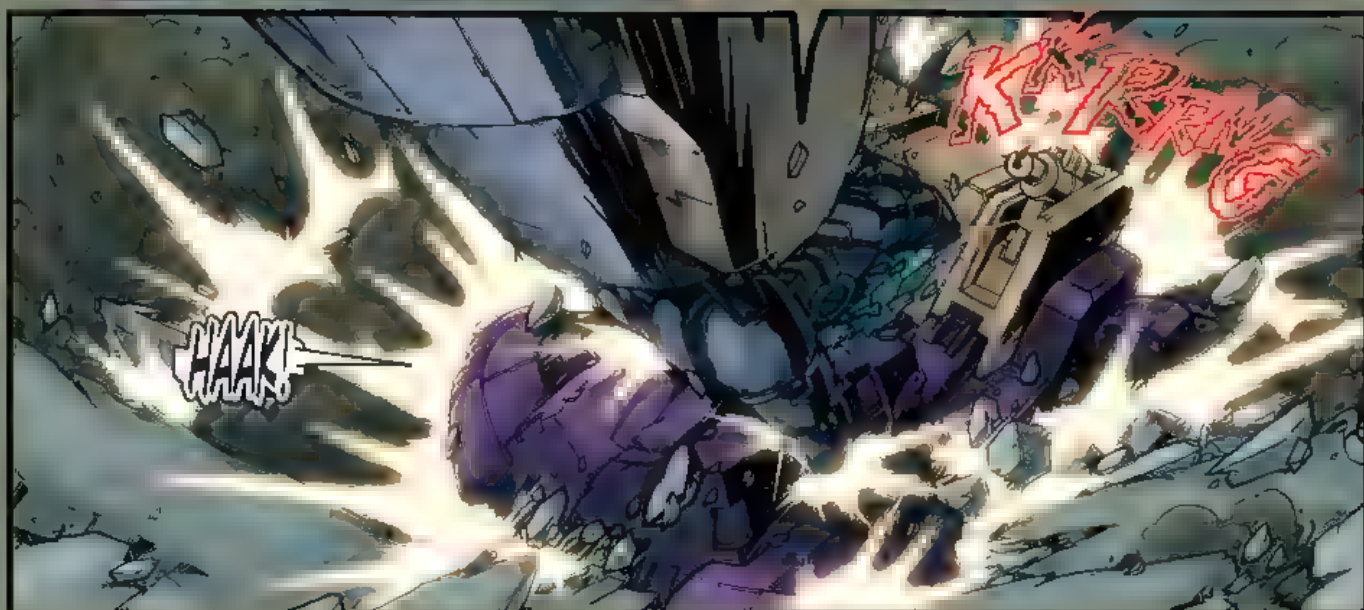
...BIG!

HIT IT WITH  
EVERYTHING WE'VE  
GOT, DARKWING SAID.  
WELL... I AM! FOR  
ALL THE GOOD IT'S  
DOING.

I'M CRANKED UP  
TO THE MAX, AND  
IT BARELY SEEMS  
TO HAVE...

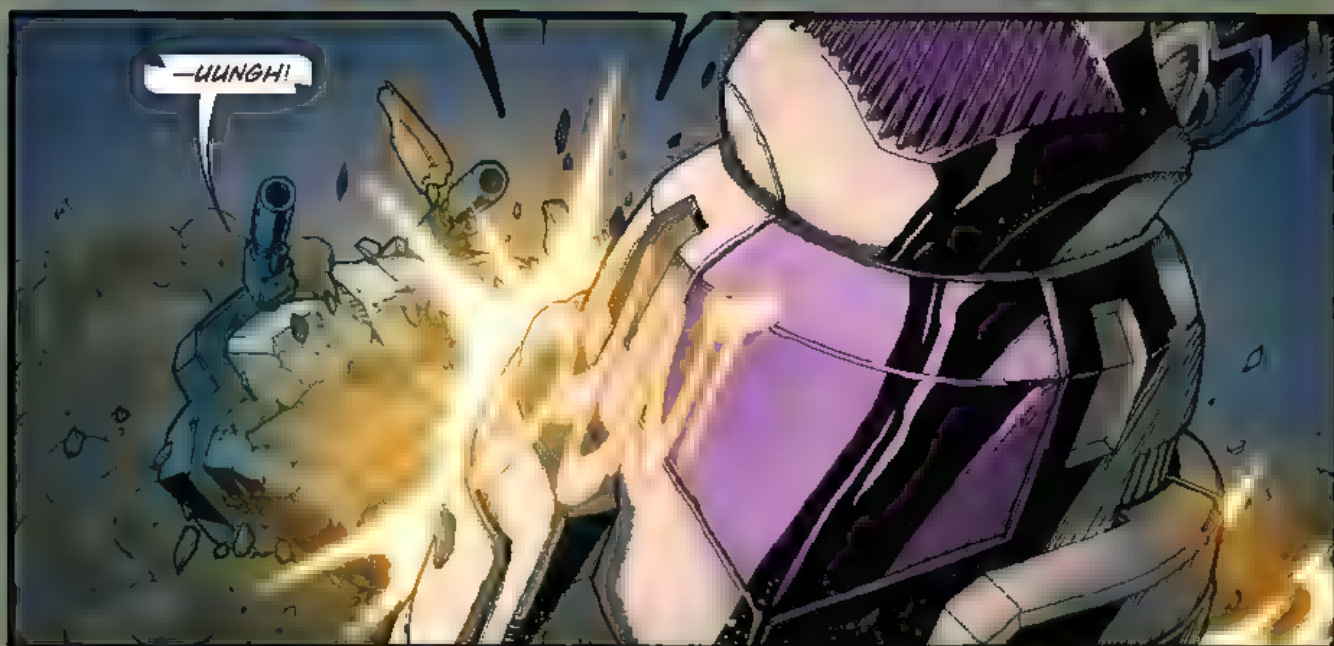
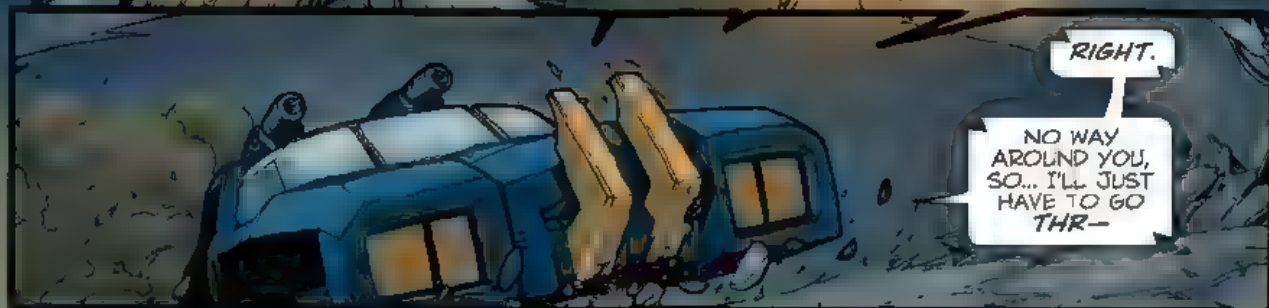
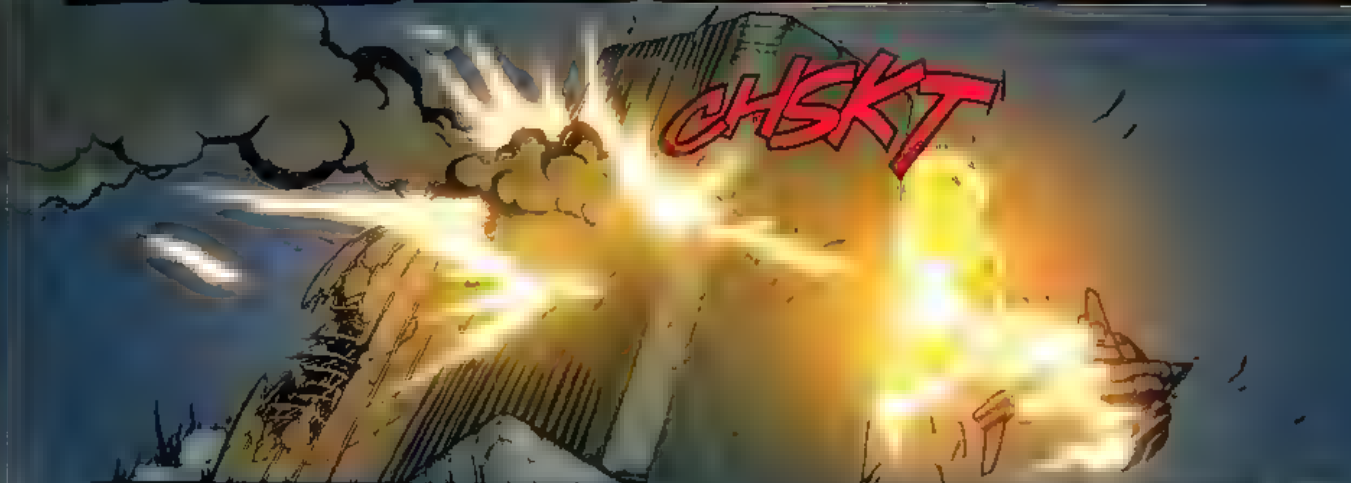
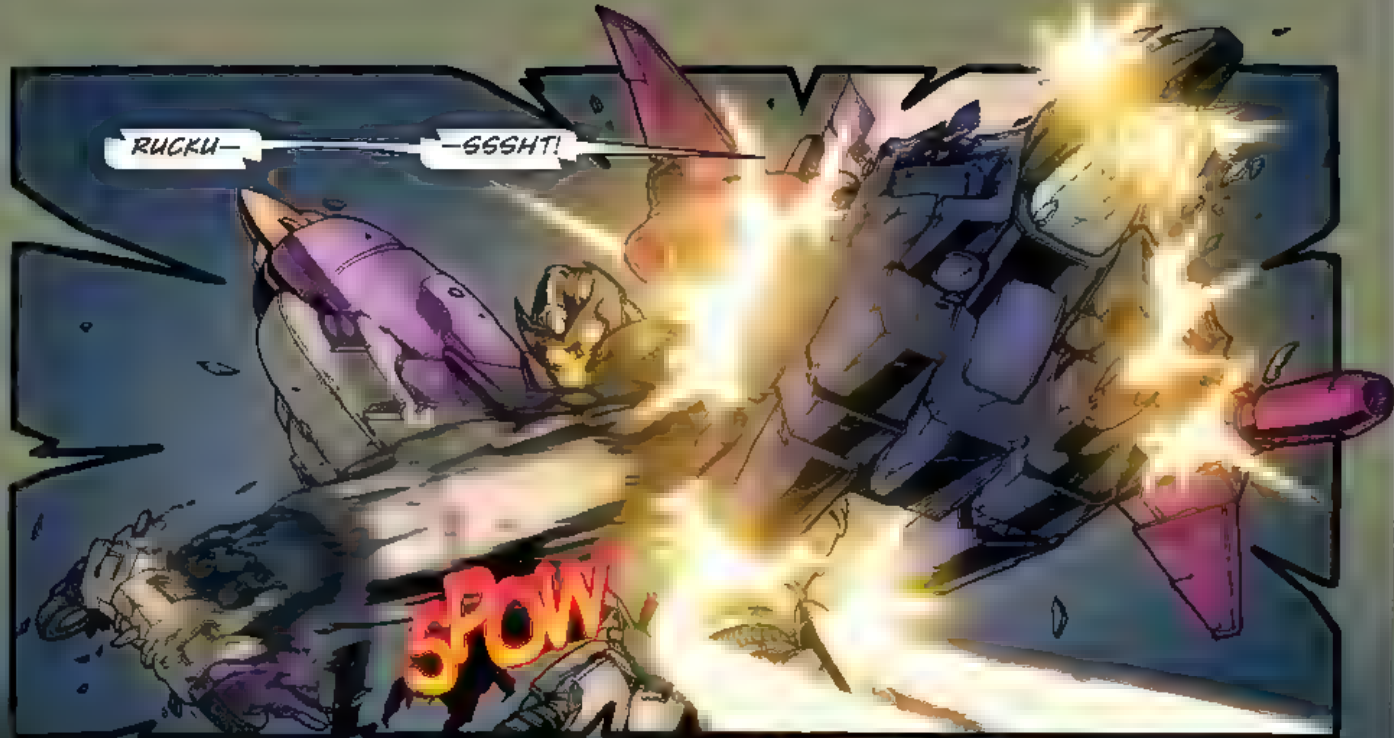


"...NOTICED US!"

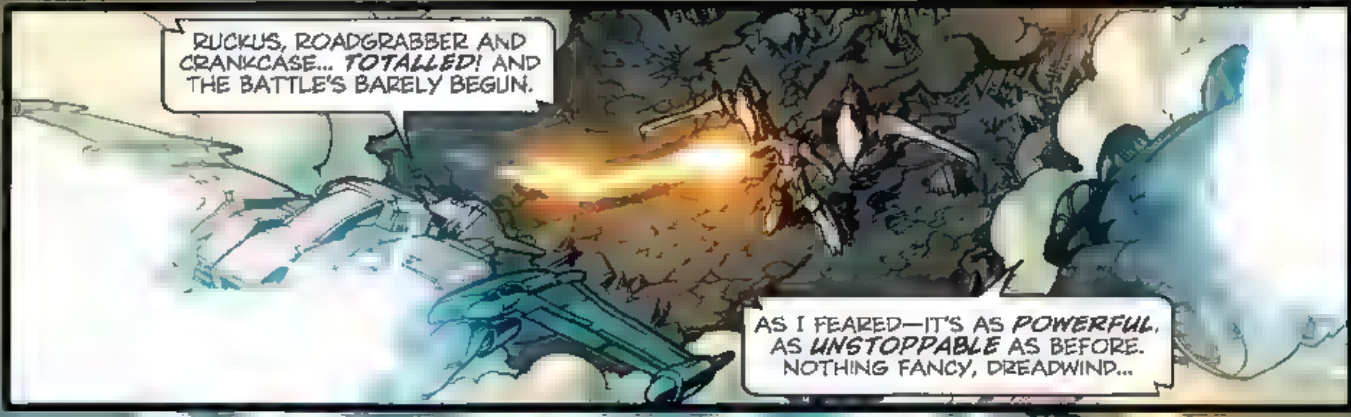


HAA!

KAT!








RUCKUS, ROADGRABBER AND CRANKCASE... **TOTALLED!** AND THE BATTLE'S BARELY BEGUN.

AS I FEARED—IT'S AS **POWERFUL**, AS **UNSTOPPABLE** AS BEFORE. NOTHING FANCY, DREADWIND...



JUST HIT...

...AND RUN!

**BADOOOM**

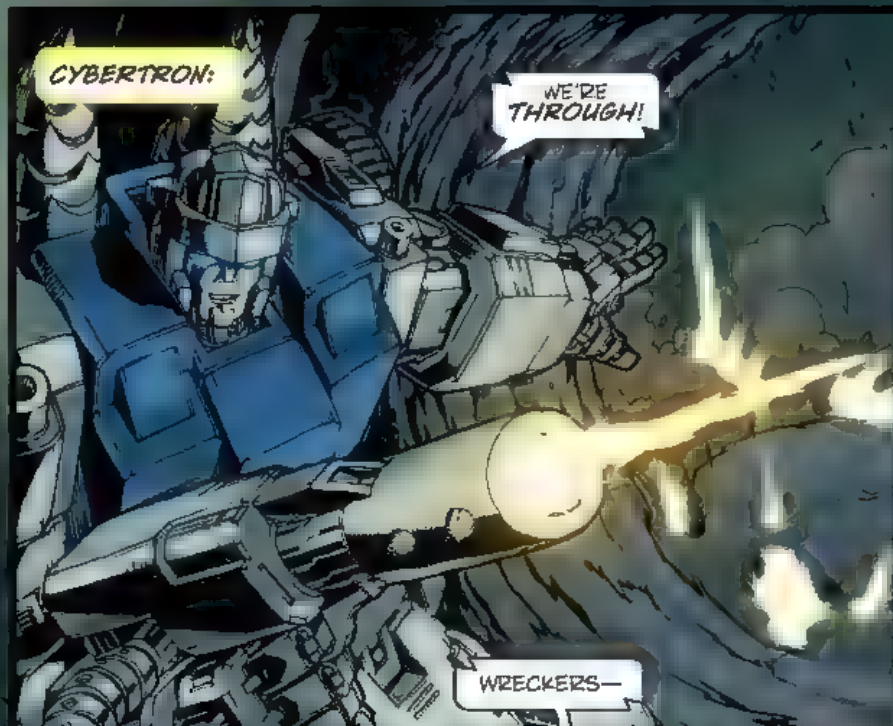


DARKWING—WHAT'S IT DOING?

IT'S **IONIZING** THE ATMOSPHERE. NAVIGATION'S DOWN, TACTICAL'S DOWN. THAT'S IT, DREADWIND...



...WE PICK UP  
THRUST AND  
CALL THIS IN!

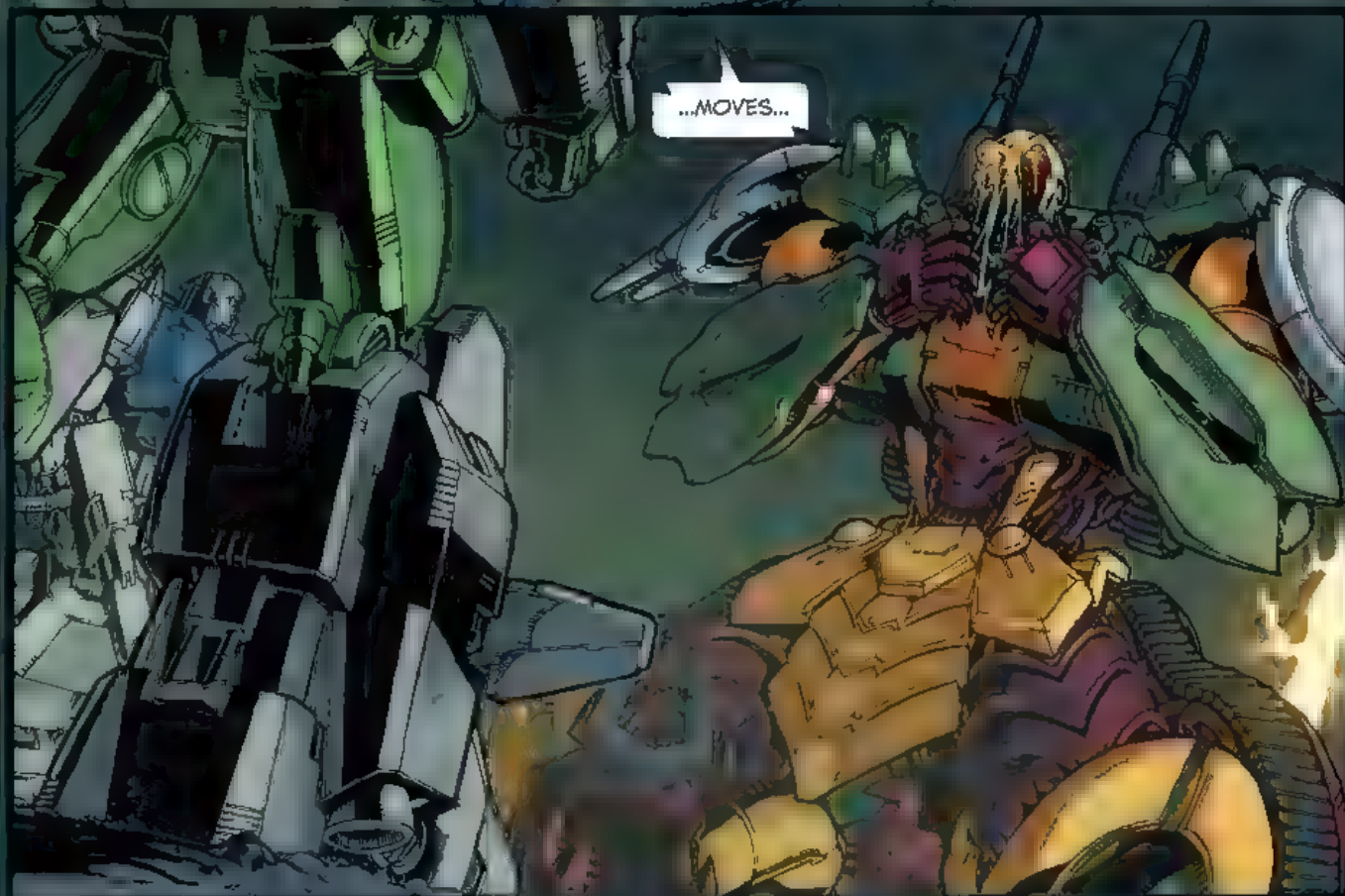


CYBERTRON:

WE'RE  
THROUGH!

WRECKERS—

—SHOOT  
ANYTHING  
THAT..



...MOVES...





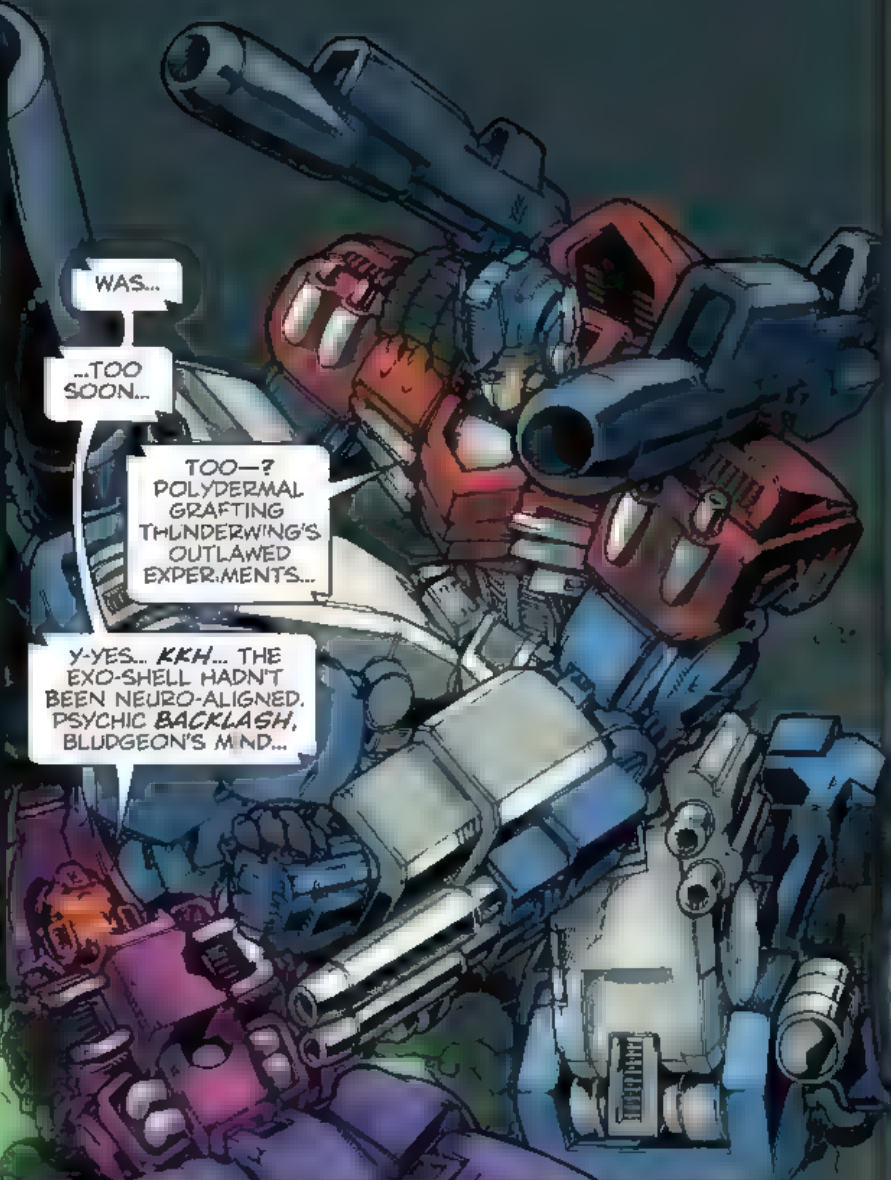
WHAT THE FRAG—?

WAS...

...TOO SOON...

TOO—?  
POLYDERMAL  
GRAFTING  
THUNDERWING'S  
OUTLAWED  
EXPERIMENTS...

Y-YES... KKH... THE  
EXO-SHELL HADN'T  
BEEN NEURO-ALIGNED.  
PSYCHIC BACKLASH,  
BLUDGEON'S MIND...



...COULDN'T...

LOCKED IN A  
PRISON OF HIS  
OWN MAKING.  
ONE CAN'T HELP  
BUT FEEL...

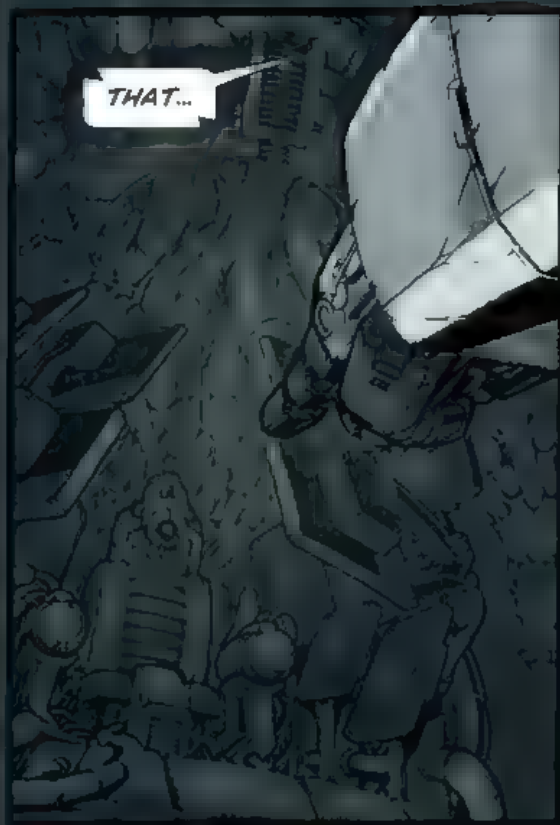


...HE GOT  
OFF LIGHTLY.

JETFIRE?

PRIME—SHUT IT  
DOWN! THE AXIS  
CRADLE... SHUT IT  
DOWN NOW!

AXIS  
CRADLE?



THAT...



OH, WELL...

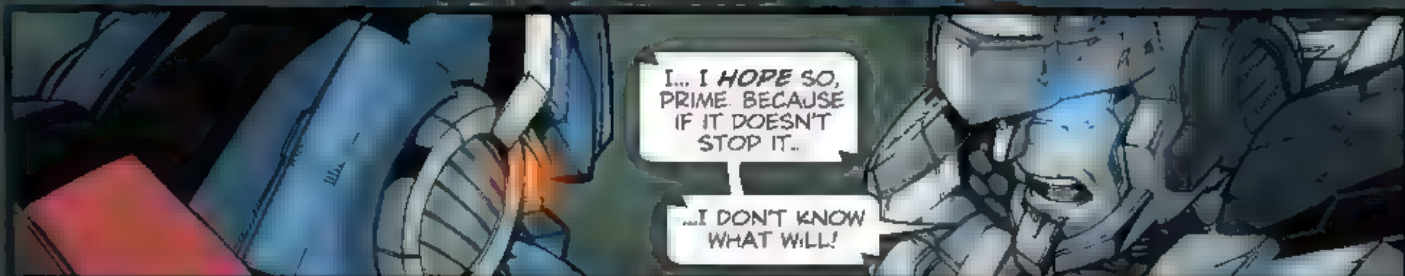
...WHY DIDN'T  
YOU JUST  
SAY?

VUUM

THEY LET IT OUT.  
THOSE BLINKERED,  
DERANGED MANIACS,  
THEY LET IT...

UHH...

EASY, EASY.  
WILL THAT BE  
ENOUGH,  
JET? RE, TO  
END THIS?



I... I HOPE SO,  
PRIME BECAUSE  
IF IT DOESN'T  
STOP IT...

...I DON'T KNOW  
WHAT WILL!



EARTH:

THAT'S WHAT  
DARKWING SAID—  
THUNDERWING.  
NOW THAT IS A  
NAME I NEVER  
WANTED TO HEAR  
AGAIN!



INDEED.

LET ME BE VERY  
CLEAR ON THIS,  
**RAZORCLAW**. YOU  
WILL TAKE  
WHATEVER STEPS  
ARE NECESSARY TO  
CURTAIL THIS...  
SECOND COMING. IF  
ENTIRE WORLDS  
MUST BURN, THEN  
SO BE IT.

INCLUDING  
CYBERTRON?

YES.

ESPECIALLY  
CYBERTRON.

**CYBERTRON:**

ANYTHING?

LOTS. IT'S TRYING TO  
DECIDE WHAT'S RELEVANT  
AND WHAT'S NOT.

FOR INSTANCE,  
THERE'S A WHOLE  
SUB-FILE ON  
SOMETHING CALLED  
"ULTRA-ENERGON."  
IT'S WHAT  
BLUDGEON USED  
TO—

WHAT IS THAT?  
BROADSIDE?

SOME KIND  
OF ORBITAL  
PERIMETER  
ALARM. IT'S  
PRESUMABLY  
HOW THEY  
PICKED UP THE  
CALIBI-YAU.

DECEPTICONS?

**THUNDERWING**



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## STORMBRINGER



# The Transformers: Stormbringer #4

Though **BLUDGEON** and his rogue cult of **DECEPTICONS** have been defeated, the newly re-energized **THUNDERWING** remains active, returning from his devastating rampage on **NEBULOS** with **CYBERTRON** locked firmly in his sights once more. There, **OPTIMUS PRIME** and the **WRECKERS** brace for impact, unaware that **MEGATRON** has his own doomsday scenario in the works, and the clock is running.



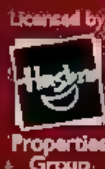
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Art by Don Figueroa

Colors by Josh Burcham

Letters by Sulaco Studios

Edits by Chris Ryall & Dan Taylor



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**T**HIS IS HOW  
IT *ENDS*.

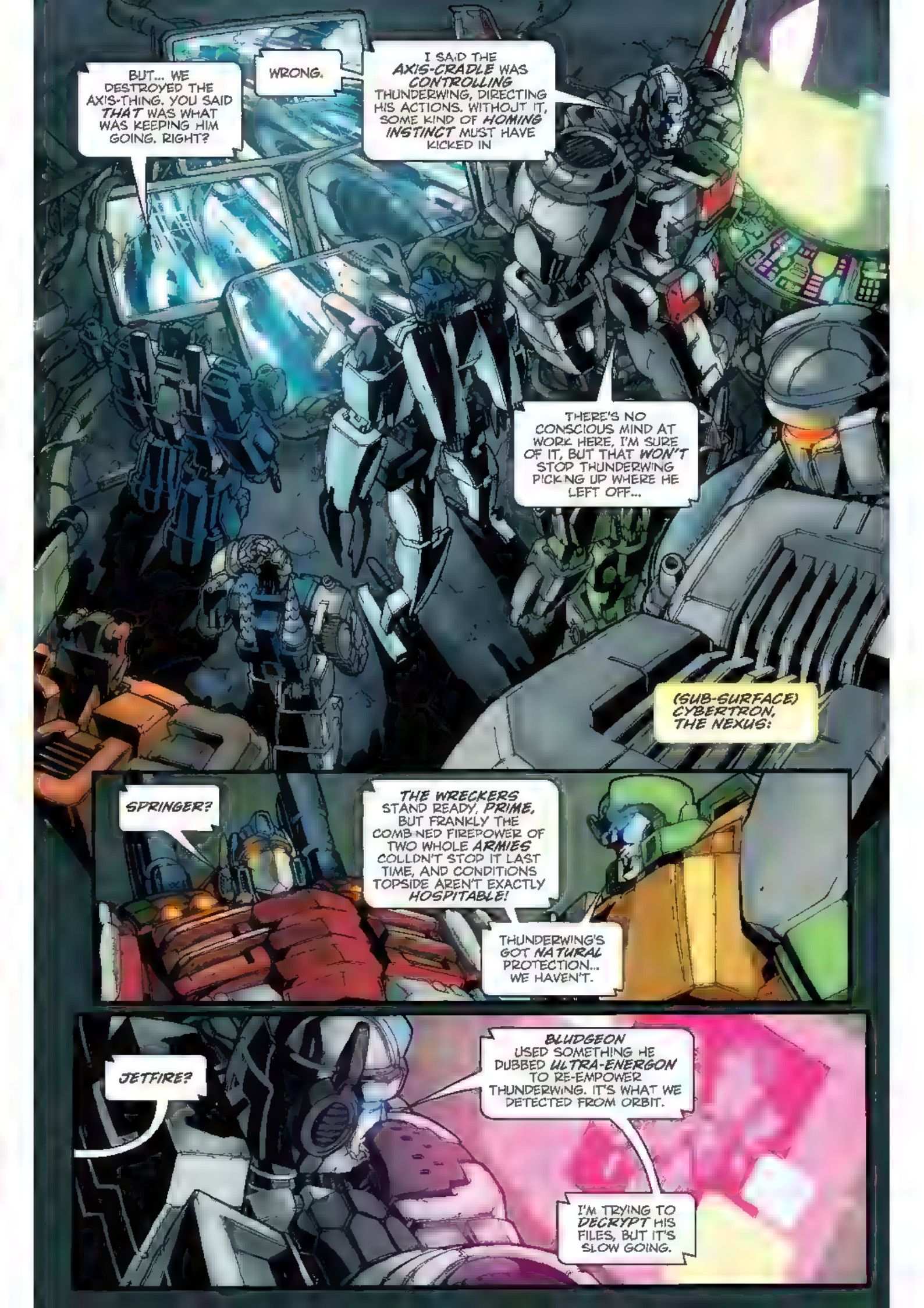
IN THUNDER AND SPITTING  
LIGHTNING, IN A STORM-LASHED  
ONSLAUGHT—OUR PAST  
TRANSGRESSIONS AND  
BLINKERED INEQUITIES  
*REVISITED* IN PURGING FIRE  
AND ROARING FURY.

*FATE-CRUSHING,*  
NEXORABLE CANNOT,  
WILL *NOT...*

..BE HELD AT BAY  
INDEFINITELY!

"IT'S  
THUNDERWING...  
HE'S COMING  
BACK!"





BUT... WE  
DESTROYED THE  
AXIS-THING. YOU SAID  
THAT WAS WHAT  
WAS KEEPING HIM  
GOING. RIGHT?

WRONG.

I SAID THE  
AXIS-CRADLE WAS  
CONTROLLING  
THUNDERWING, DIRECTING  
HIS ACTIONS. WITHOUT IT,  
SOME KIND OF *HOMING*  
INSTINCT MUST HAVE  
KICKED IN

THERE'S NO  
CONSCIOUS MIND AT  
WORK HERE, I'M SURE  
OF IT, BUT THAT *WON'T*  
STOP THUNDERWING  
PICKING UP WHERE HE  
LEFT OFF...

(SUB-SURFACE)  
CYBERTRON,  
THE NEXUS:

SPRINGER?

THE WRECKERS  
STAND READY, PRIME,  
BUT FRANKLY THE  
COMB-NED FIREPOWER OF  
TWO WHOLE ARMIES  
COLDN'T STOP IT LAST  
TIME, AND CONDITIONS  
TOPSIDE AREN'T EXACTLY  
HOSPITABLE!

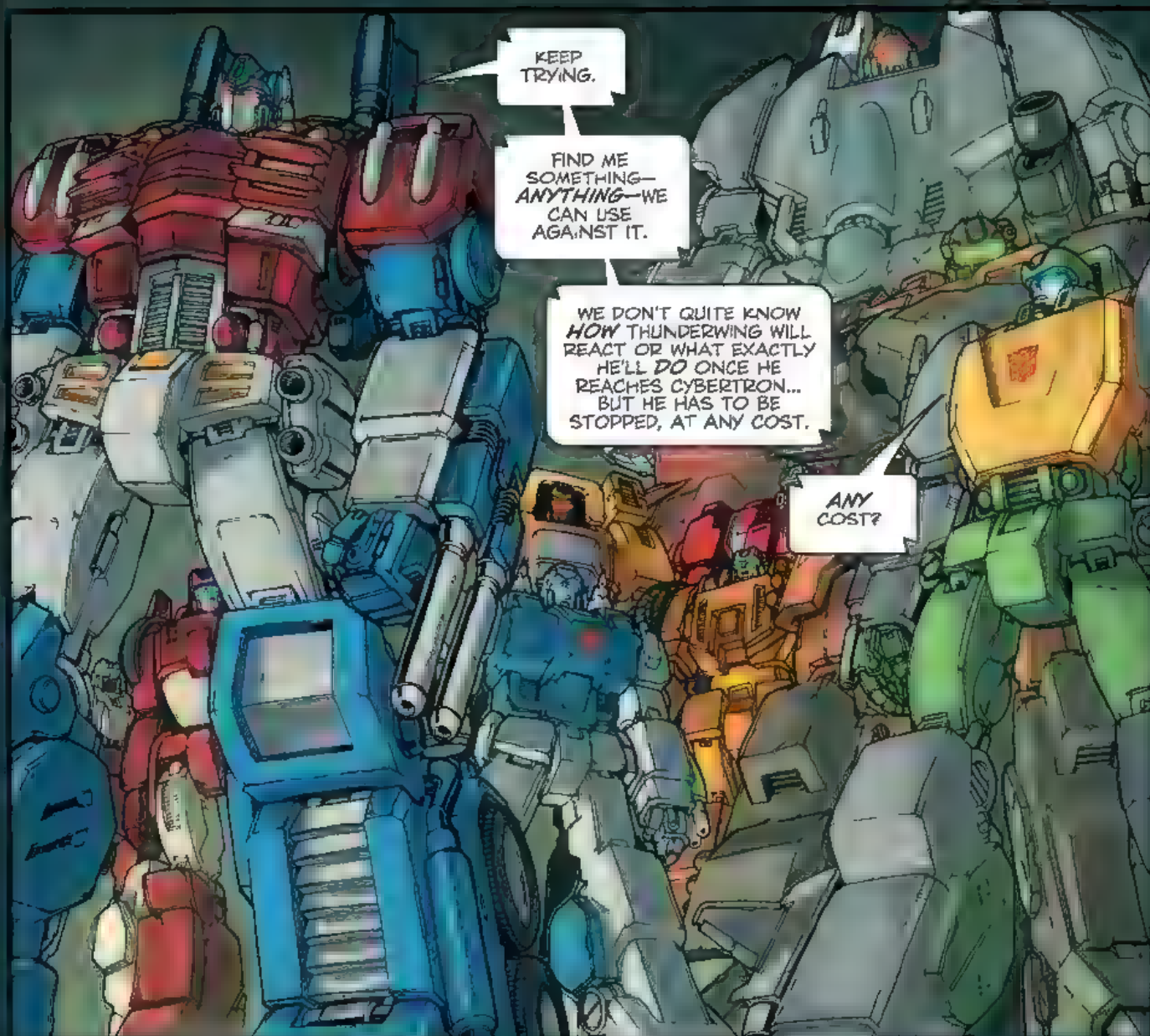
THUNDERWING'S  
GOT NATURAL  
PROTECTION...  
WE HAVEN'T.

JETFIRE?

BLUDGEON  
USED SOMETHING HE  
DUBBED *ULTRA-ENERGON*  
TO RE-EMPOWER  
THUNDERWING. IT'S WHAT WE  
DETECTED FROM ORBIT.

I'M TRYING TO  
DECRYPT HIS  
FILES, BUT IT'S  
SLOW GOING.



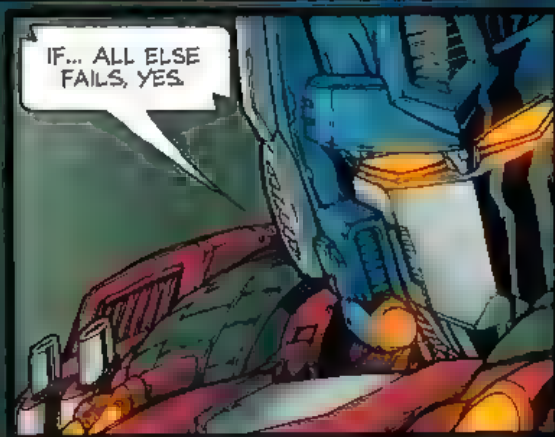


KEEP TRYING.

FIND ME SOMETHING—  
**ANYTHING**—WE CAN USE AGAINST IT.

WE DON'T QUITE KNOW **HOW** THUNDERWING WILL REACT OR WHAT EXACTLY HE'LL DO ONCE HE REACHES CYBERTRON... BUT HE HAS TO BE STOPPED, AT ANY COST.

**ANY COST?**



IF... ALL ELSE FAILS, YES.



WHOA, HANG ON. YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT **SACRIFICING** CYBERTRON TSELF... AFTER ALL WE'VE BEEN THROUGH TO PRESERVE IT?

I PRAY, JETFIRE...



"...IT WILL NOT COME TO THAT."

**RAMPAGE—LOCK STARBLITZ TORPEDOES ON TARGET AND PREPARE FOR ORBITAL BARRAGE.**



DECEPTICON WARSHIP  
THANATOS:

GIVE IT... ONE  
MEGA-CYCLE. CALL ME  
*SENTIMENTAL*, BUT  
REDUCING CYBERTRON  
TO A CINDER REMAINS  
A *LAST RESORT*.

I'M ALL FOR  
PAN-GALACTIC  
COLONIZATION, BUT,  
LET'S FACE IT,  
THERE'S *NO PLACE*  
*LIKE HOME*.

TIMEFRAME,  
RAZORCLAW?

DONE.

ABORT  
*THRESHOLD*  
AT FIFTY-FIVE  
CYCLES.

FINE BOTTOM LINE,  
THOUGH, IF IT COMES  
DOWN TO A CHOICE  
BETWEEN BLITZING  
CYBERTRON AND  
DISOBEYING A DIRECT  
ORDER FROM  
*MEGATRON*... THE  
PLANET IS *TOAST*.

AH...

...HERE HE  
COMES!





CYBERTRON  
IS DYING...

WE CAN ONLY FIND  
WAYS TO WEATHER  
THE COLLAPSE AND  
DO WHAT WE CAN  
TO SURVIVE.

EITHER  
FOLLOW MY  
LEAD... OR D'E  
IN SCREAMING  
TORMENT

THUNDERWING?!  
WHAT HAVE YOU  
DONE?

WHAT  
HAVE YOU  
DONE?




WHAT'S HE  
DOING?



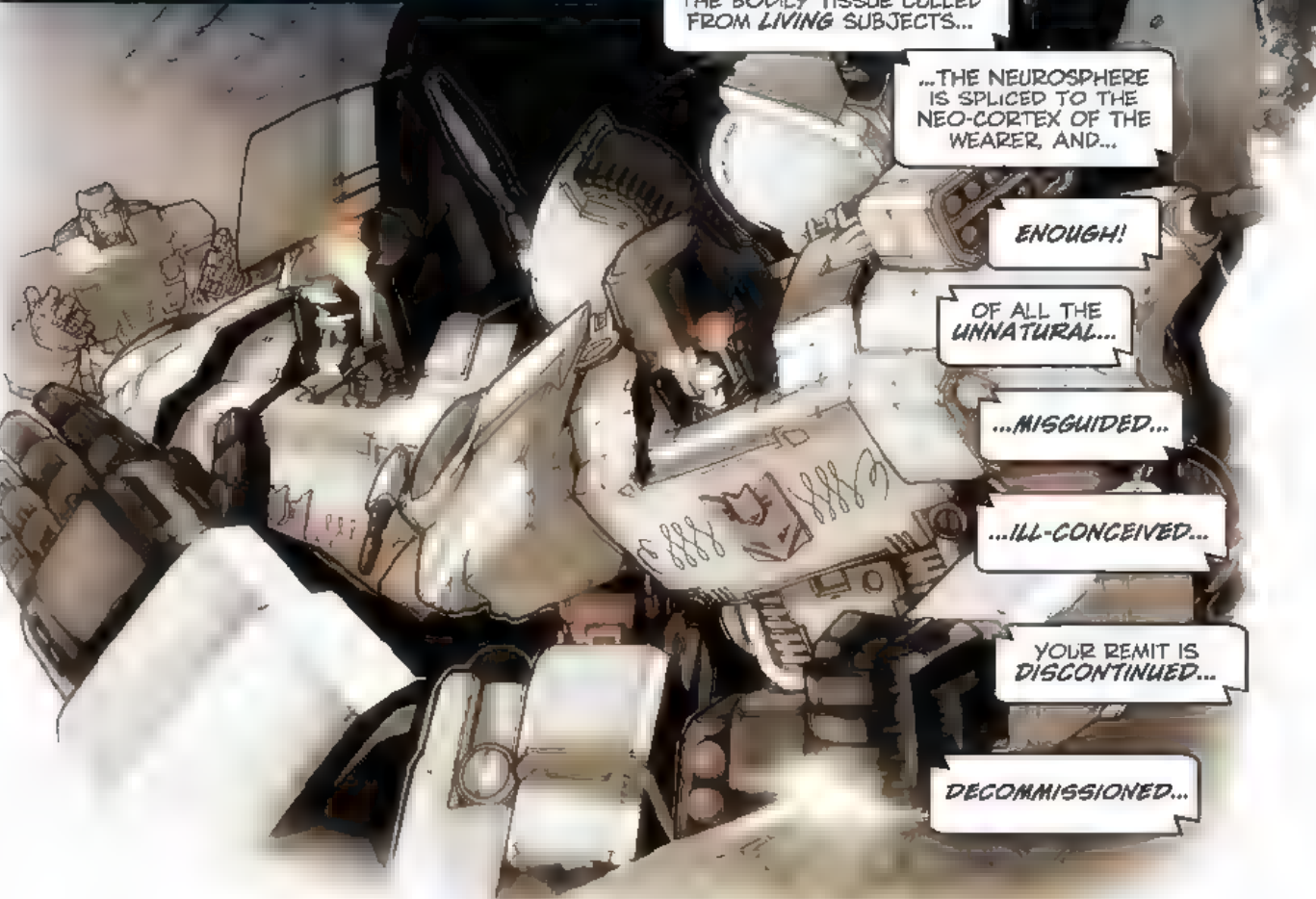
NOTHING,  
SCOOP. JUST  
STOOD THERE.

HM. FIGURE  
IT'S WHAT  
YOU CALL  
THE CALM...

...BEFORE  
THE STORM.



...ENCASE OURSELVES IN  
SYMBIOTIC CARAPACES,  
THE BODILY TISSUE CULLED  
FROM LIVING SUBJECTS...



...THE NEUROSHERE  
IS SPLICED TO THE  
NEO-CORTEX OF THE  
WEARER, AND...

ENOUGH!

OF ALL THE  
UNNATURAL...

...MISGUIDED...

...ILL-CONCEIVED...

YOUR REMIT IS  
DISCONTINUED...

DECOMMISSIONED...



...DEFUNCT.

SKA-RAAAA-K!



MOVE!

THAT THING'S ITS  
OWN PERSONAL  
GROUND ZERO!

SPRINGER...

...IT'S ALL  
KICKING OFF  
DOWN HERE!

NO  
KIDDING.

AND, WHAT'S  
MORE...

"...IT'S  
MOBILE."

DISENGAGE  
ALL SAFETY  
INTERLOCKS...

...AND  
BLOW IT BACK  
TO THE PIT IT  
CRAWLED OUT  
OF!





WHEN THEY ASK ME,  
"TOPSPIN, WHY'D  
YOU GO ONE-ON-ONE  
WITH THUNDERWING?"  
I'LL SAY...



...BECAUSE IT  
WAS THERE.

VRAK!

VOW!



DUMM!

ONE THING ABOUT  
YOU, TOPSPIN—YOU'LL  
NEVER GO QUIETLY.  
ME, I ALSO LIKE TO  
MAKE MY POINT...

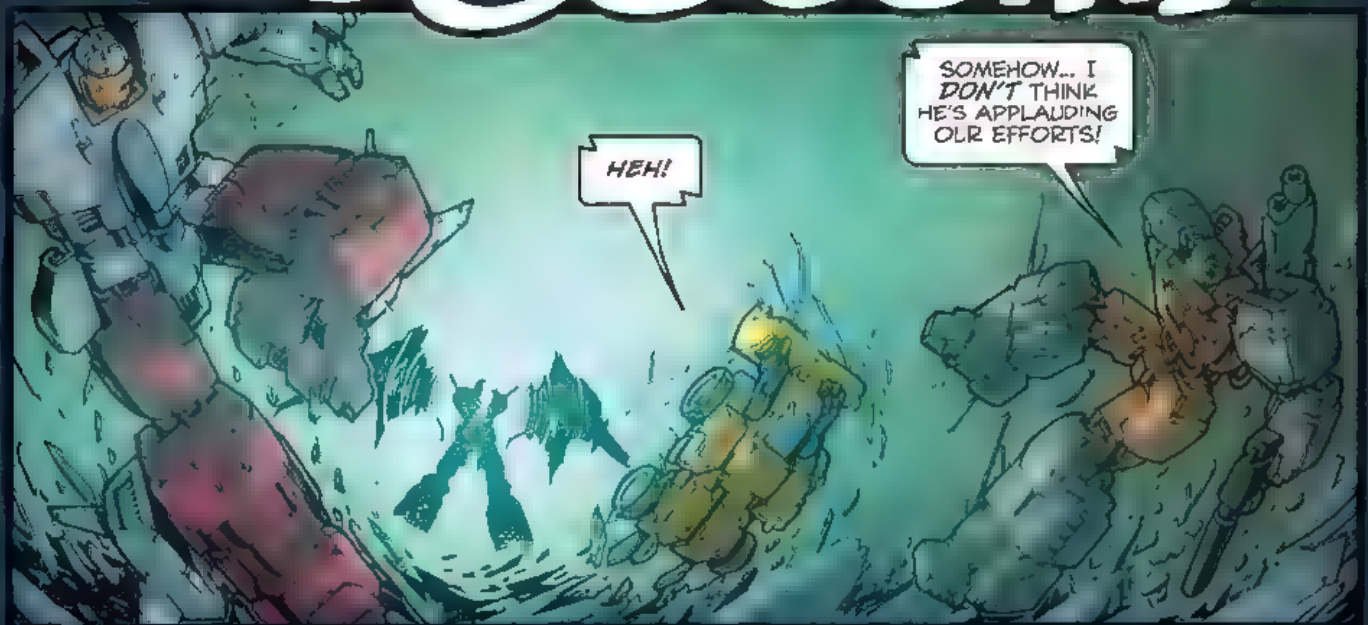
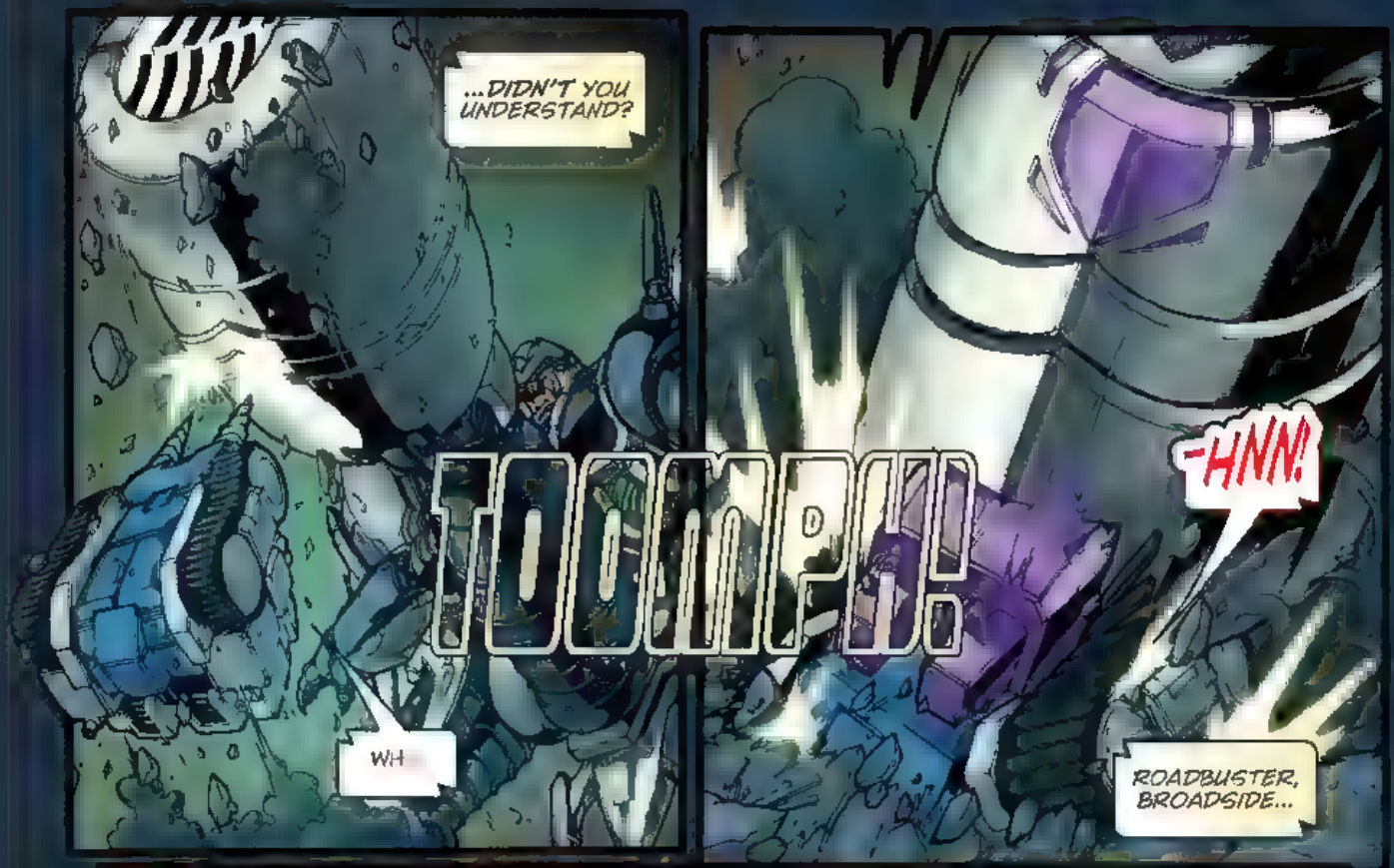
...BUT A  
TOUCH MORE  
DIRECTLY!



ZLZK!



TWIN TWIST,  
NO, DAMMIT!  
WHAT BIT OF  
HIT AND RUN...





DECEPTICON WARSHIP  
THANATOS:

THEY'RE  
GIVING IT  
THEIR ALL.

MM.

FOR ALL THE  
GOOD IT'S  
DOING THEM.

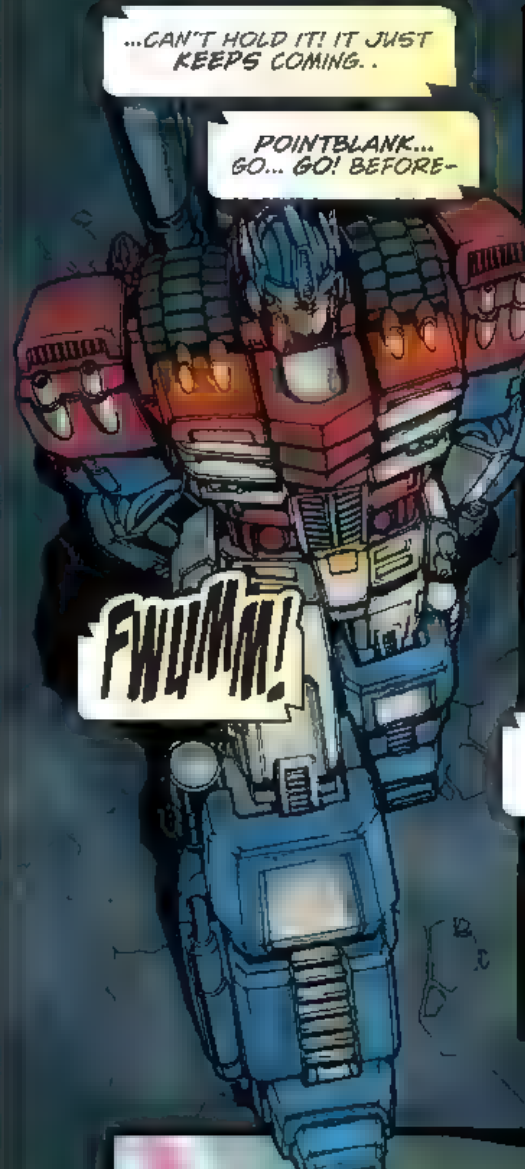
STILL... THEY ARE  
WARRIORS *WORTHY*  
OF OUR RESPECT  
AND, PERHAPS,  
OUR HELP.

TIME TO  
ORBITAL  
BARRAGE...

THIRTY-EIGHT  
CYCLES.

...LEAVE THEM  
ALL TO BURN.

VERY WELL.  
*DIVEBOMB*—ORGANIZE  
TWO ASSAULT TEAMS.  
DO WHAT YOU CAN IN  
THE TIME AVAILABLE. BUT  
ONCE WE REACH THE  
MAIN FIRING SEQUENCE  
*THRESHOLD*...



...CAN'T HOLD IT! IT JUST  
KEEPS COMING..

POINTBLANK...  
GO... GO! BEFORE-

...FURTHER  
TACTICAL  
RESOURCES  
CURRENTLY  
UNAVAILABLE...

IT'S HAPPENING  
AGAIN. WHATEVER  
WE DO, WHATEVER  
WE THROW AT IT, IT  
ISN'T ENOUGH!

PRIME... I  
MAY HAVE  
SOMETHING.

YOU'VE  
DECRYPTED  
THE FILES?

NO. GAVE UP ON  
THAT AND--WITH THE  
**TECHNOBOTS'**  
HELP--FOCUSED ON  
ANALYZING THE POWER  
SOURCE ITSELF.

**FWUM!**

THIS SO-CALLED  
ULTRA-ENERGON  
CONTAINS RADICALLY  
**UNSTABLE** ELEMENTAL  
MATTER. THE MORE  
THUNDERWING DRAWS  
UPON ITS FISSIONABLE  
CORE, THE GREATER THE  
OBSERVE CATALYTIC  
REACTION

RIGHT. OF COURSE.  
THE SOURCE IS  
**FEEDING** UPON ITSELF.  
IT'S REALLY ONLY  
SUITABLE FOR SHORT,  
INTENSE HITS.

THE GREATER  
THE EFFORT, THE  
FASTER IT'S  
CONSUMED.

IN PLAN  
LANGUAGE,  
PLEASE.

THEREFORE...  
WE NEED TO  
**ENGAGE!** BIG  
TIME!

WITH WHAT,  
JETFIRE?

WITH  
**WHAT?!**



IT'S CHARGING  
THE ATMOSPHERE!  
PERSONAL INTEGRITY  
SHIELDS AT NINE  
PERCENT...

MINE ARE DOWN!  
MASSIVE INTERNAL  
BUILD-UP OF COSMIC  
RADIATION!

LIKEWISE!  
WEAPONS ARE  
OFF-LINE!

SPRINGER-PULL  
BACK TO A SAFE  
DISTANCE! WE'LL-

MICROWAVE  
BURST!

THIS AREA'S  
RIDDLED WITH  
SLB-SURFACE  
GAS POCKETS!  
THEY'LL-

FWWWWW  
WNNNN!

SLAG! THIS  
IS GOING FROM  
BAD TO...

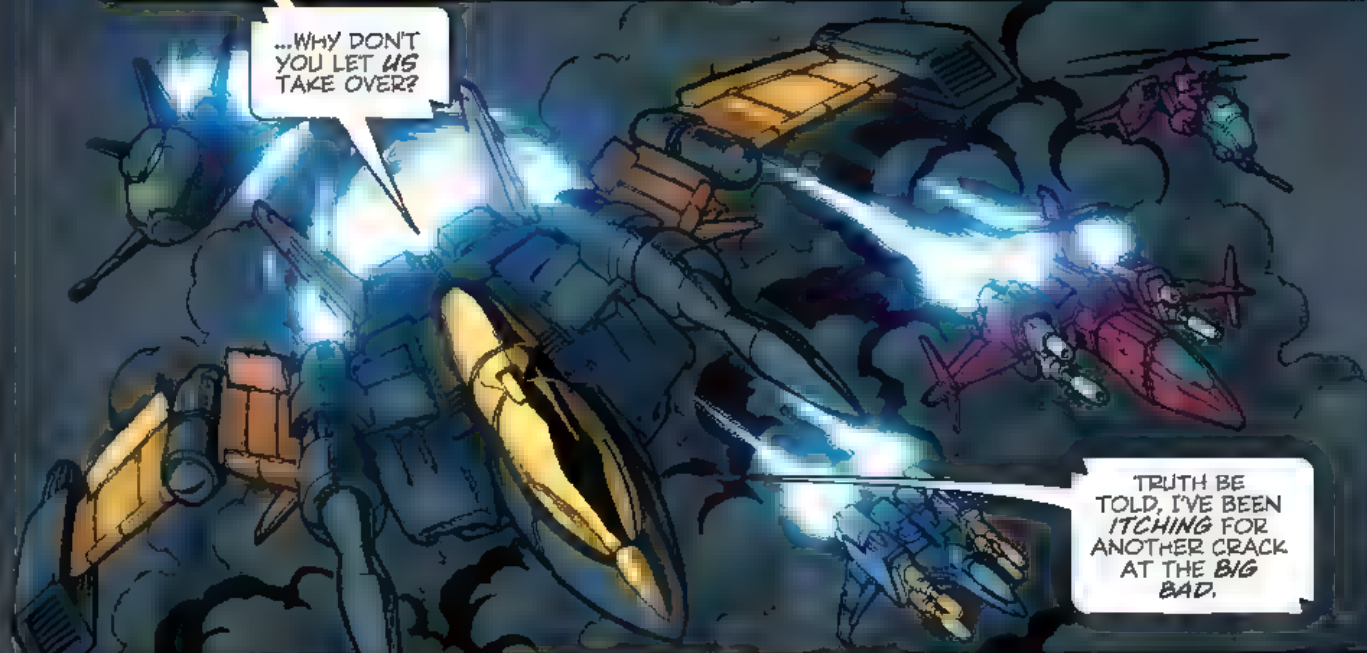
...WORSE!

KNNN!

SKRRITCH!




TELL YOU  
WHAT  
WRECKERS...



...WHY DON'T  
YOU LET US  
TAKE OVER?

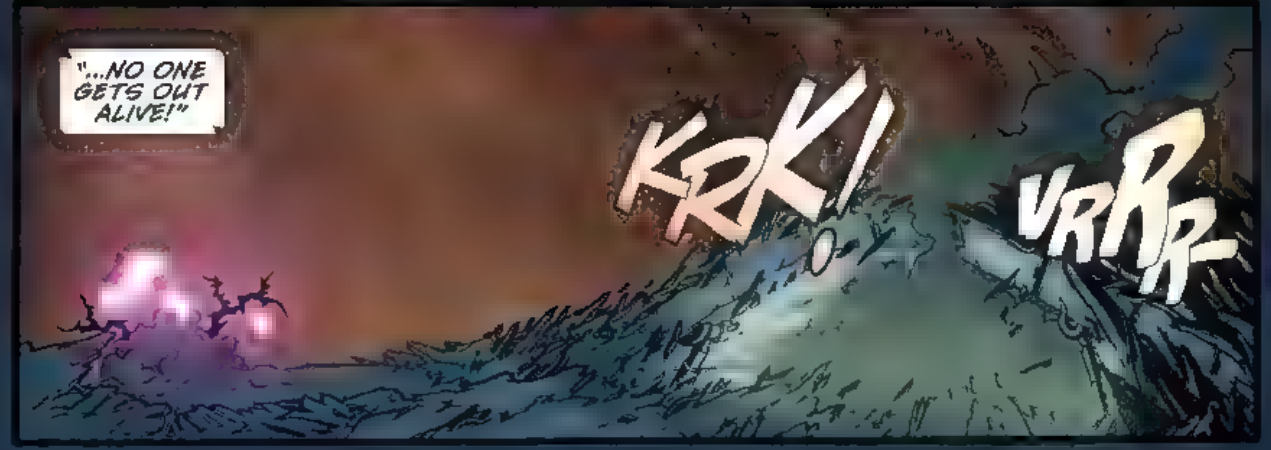
TRUTH BE  
TOLD, I'VE BEEN  
ITCHING FOR  
ANOTHER CRACK  
AT THE BIG  
BAD.



SO, LIKE,  
SAVIN' YOUR  
SORRY BUTTS...

...IS KIND OF  
COINCIDENTAL!

DECEPTICONS-  
LET'S HEAR THE  
CALL...



"...NO ONE  
GETS OUT  
ALIVE!"

KRK!

VRRR



**RRRRRR!**

DOGFIGHT,  
ARE WE SET?

ALMOST,  
SIR.

NEARLY...

...READY!

CENTURION  
UNITS...

**...MOVE  
IN!**

JETFIRE?

I'M READING A  
MASSIVE SPIKE IN  
INTERNAL CATALYTIC FLUX.  
THE REPROGRAMMED  
CENTURIONS, EN MASSE,  
ARE HURTING IT.

QUESTION  
IS...



"...IS IT  
ENOUGH?"

SKOOOH!

VAASH!

IT'S... DEFINITELY  
REELING! HIT IT  
AGAIN! AGAIN!  
AG—

WAIT!

WHAT'S IT  
DOING? IT'S  
GOT...





...SOME KIND  
OF SECONDARY  
ULTRA MODE!

THANATOS:

RAMPAGE—TIME  
TO BARRAGE?

WE'RE ALMOST  
AT THE FIRING  
SEQUENCE  
THRESHOLD. IF WE  
WANT TO ABORT, IT  
HAS TO BE SOON.

SOUND THE  
WITHDRAWAL. ONCE  
BOTH SQUADS ARE  
ABOARD, PULL US BACK  
TO MINIMUM SAFE  
DISTANCE AND  
RAISE SHIELDS.

"TOO BAD,  
CYBERTRON..."

"...I'LL  
MISS YOU."

THUNDERWING...

...THIS ENDS

**NOW!**





THIS IS HOW  
IT *ENDS*...

UNDERSTAND...  
WE ARE *ALL*  
CULPABLE HERE, ALL  
PARTICIPANTS IN THE  
TRAGEDY THAT IS  
CYBERTRON.

**K-RAAM!**

BY THE TIME WE  
LOOKED UP FROM OUR  
BITTER ENTRENCHMENTS,  
IT WAS *TOO LATE*.  
CYBERTRON WAS LOCKED  
IN ITS DEATH THROES.  
THE DAMAGE HAD  
BEEN DONE.

TRUE, YOU *SAW* IT  
COMING, BUT YOUR  
RESPONSE WAS  
MISGUIDED AT BEST,  
*INFLAMMATORY*  
AT WORST.

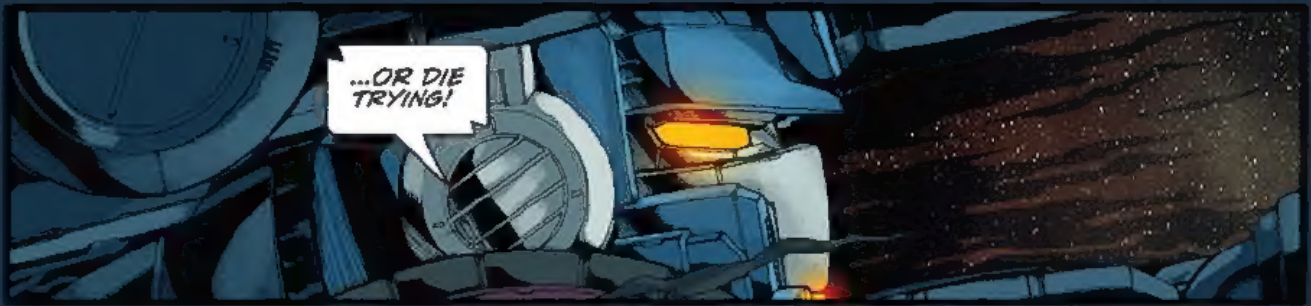
*THIRTY*  
NANO-KLIKS TO  
THRESHOLD...

**K-TOON!**

IN TRYING TO SAVE  
YOURSELF, YOU TAPPED  
TECHNOLOGIES NEITHER  
TRIED NOR TESTED AND  
SO BEGAN A DESCENT  
INTO MADNESS...

...THAT ALMOST  
WIPED OUT OUR  
*ENTIRE RACE!*







THRESHOLD  
PLUS SIXTEEN  
CYCLES:

WELL?

NO SIGN OF  
EVEN THE MOST  
BASIC MOLECULAR  
ACTIVITY.

IT'S  
OVER.

IS IT? WHO  
KNOWS WHAT **DAMAGE**  
THUNDERWING DID  
WHEREVER BLUDGEON  
SENT HIM?

AND THEN  
THERE'S THIS  
ULTRA-ENERGON...  
WHERE DID **THAT**  
COME FROM?

I WANT  
**ANSWERS**, JETFIRE,  
SOONER RATHER  
THAN LATER. BECAUSE,  
AS **BAD** AS THIS  
HAS BEEN...

...I FEAR THERE'S  
THE POTENTIAL  
HERE FOR THINGS TO  
GET MUCH, MUCH  
**WORSE!**





ARK-27:

ANYTHING?



PLENTY. SEEMS BLUDGEON WAS GIVEN THE JOB OF DE-ARCHIVING SOME KIND OF SEALED WORK-IN-PROGRESS CACHE. I'M STILL WORKING ON ITS POINT OF ORIGIN.

ANYWAY, HE STUMBLED ACROSS SOMETHING CALLED **REGENESIS**.

REGENESIS?

A KIND OF COSMIC **SEEDING** INITIATIVE. WE'RE MISSING A LOT OF THE WHYS AND WHEREFORES—I SUSPECT BLUDGEON DELETED A LOT OF IT HIMSELF—BUT ULTIMATELY THE TRAIL LED HIM TO A PLANET CALLED EARTH.

EARTH.

YOU KNOW IT?



JUST BEFORE ALL THIS STARTED, I RECEIVED A PULSEWAVE FROM EARTH, **PROWL'S** DETACHMENT. THE DECEPTICONS THERE HAD ENGAGED **SIEGE MODE** UNEXPECTEDLY.

COINCIDENCE?

I'M NOT A GREAT BELIEVER IN IT.

CROSSHAIRS...



"...SET A COURSE FOR EARTH."

continued in  
**TRANSFORMERS: ESCALATION...**